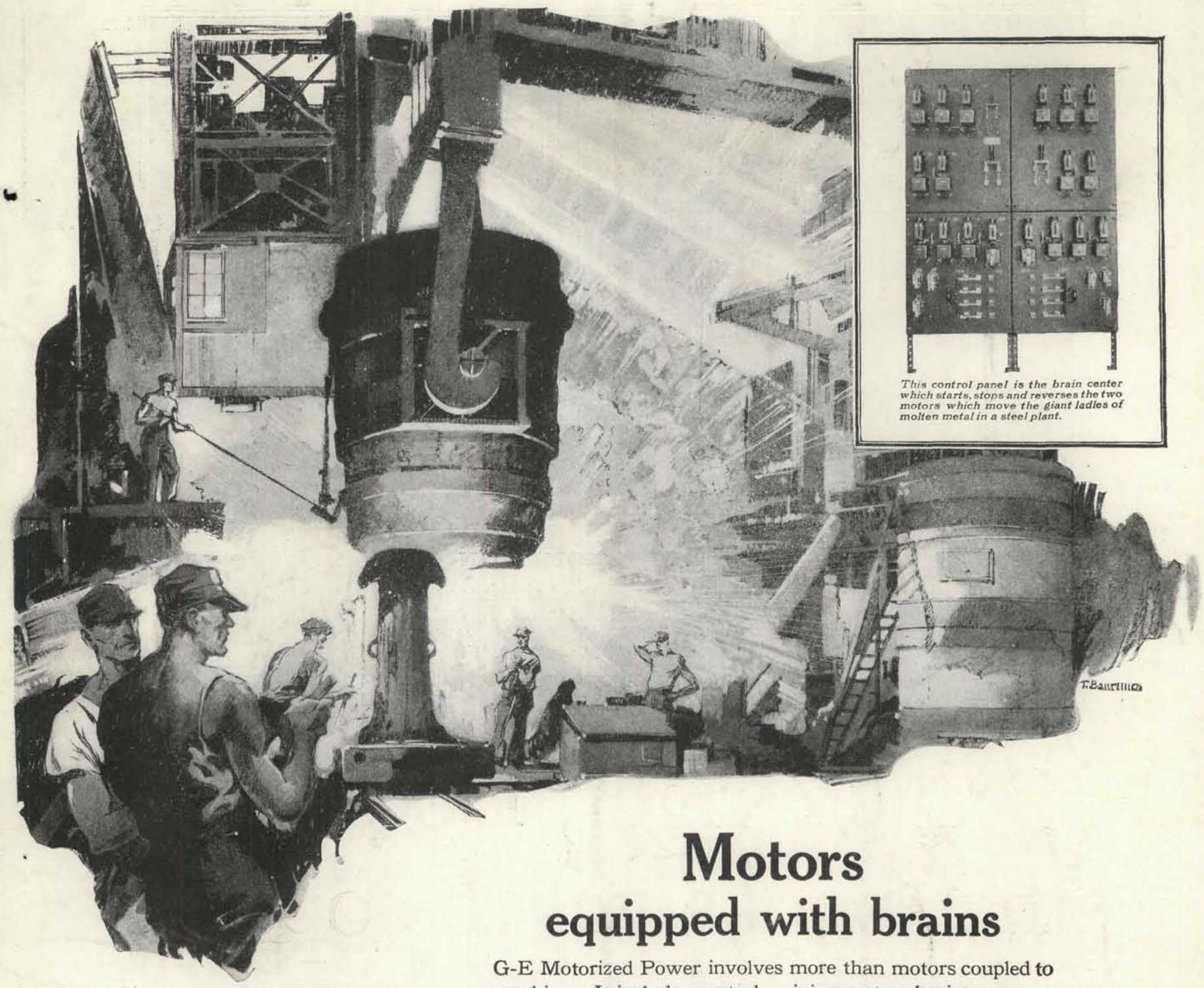

This control panel is the brain center which starts, stops and reverses the two motors which move the giant ladles of molten metal in a steel plant.

Motors equipped with brains

G-E Motorized Power involves more than motors coupled to machines. It includes control—giving motors brains.

Here's a steel mill, for example. Motors everywhere. On cranes that lift and carry giant ladles of molten metal. In rolling mills that must rapidly reverse themselves as they shape billets into rails. At every stockpile, furnace, and machine—hauling, lifting, pouring, rolling, shearing.

G-E Motorized Power includes not only these motors, but brains to prevent them from overtaxing themselves under heavy or fluctuating demands—a system of automatic control which permits the motors to perform their work continuously with the utmost speed and economy.

G-E Control provides such brains not only in steel making but in every industry—for lifting, driving, and turning—wherever power and motion are needed.

G-E Motorized Power is used in every process of steel making, from the mining of the ore to the finished products.

Whether the job is rolling steel or weaving silk, the motor and proper system of control have been devised to meet the conditions imposed. That is what G-E Motorized Power means.

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JUNE 4, 1927

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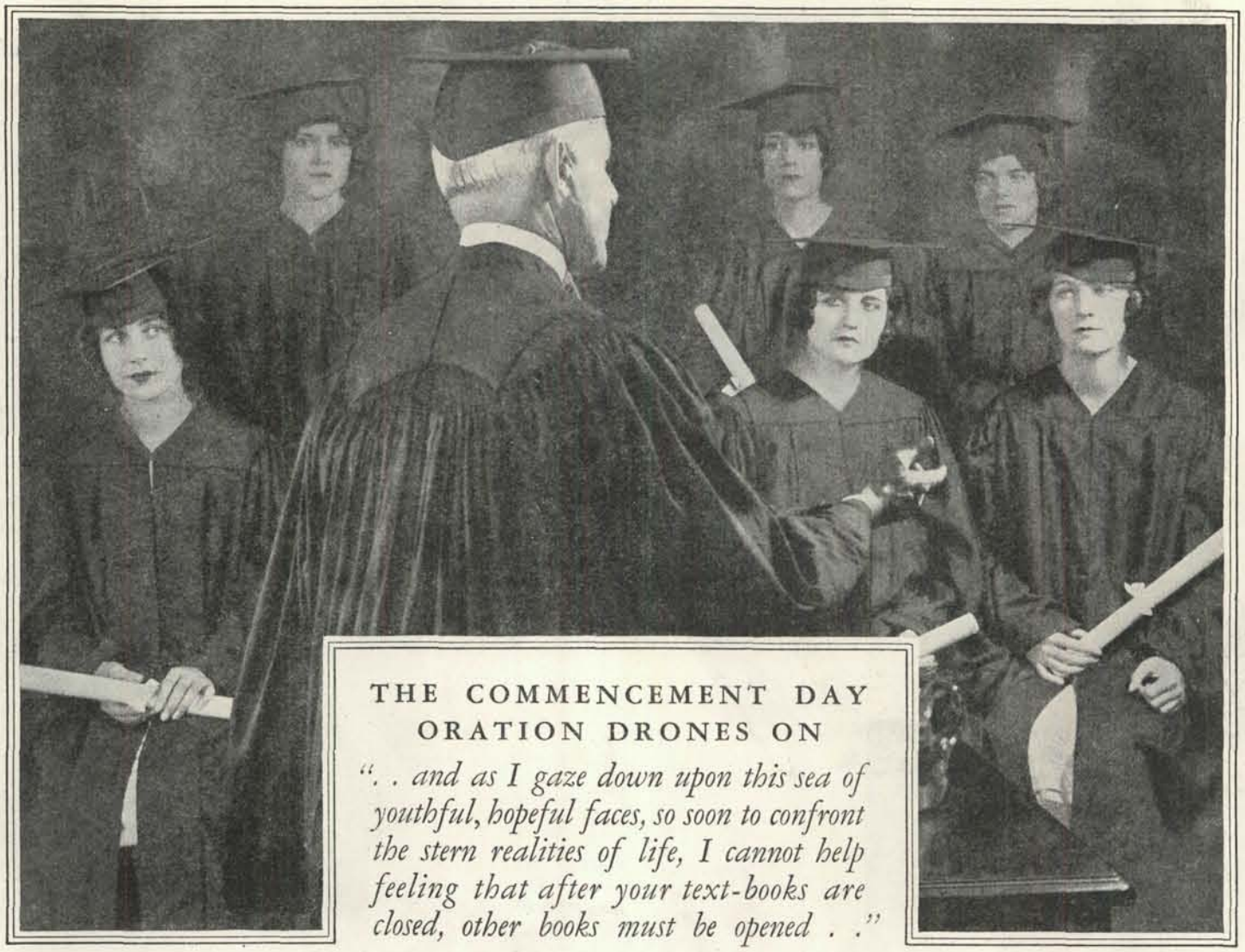

THE COMMENCEMENT DAY ORATION DRONES ON

". . and as I gaze down upon this sea of youthful, hopeful faces, so soon to confront the stern realities of life, I cannot help feeling that after your text-books are closed, other books must be opened . ."

Quite right, Doctor; other books will be opened

. . . and these books will tell these girls all about the stern realities of life.

Books studied after graduation will tell them how blankets should be washed if they are to be fluffy and unshrunk. Books will tell what powder to use on the baby's rash and how many minutes rice should be boiled. Books will tell how to prepare and serve meals; how to set a table; how to pipe collars, cuffs, tucks and ruffles on a sewing machine; and how to clean piano keys.

Other books will tell how to invest the family savings, what shampoo to use after an auto ride, how to keep proper humidity in a furnace-heated house, and what color of window shades to use in a rose-tinted breakfast room.

Bless you, Doctor, there will be plenty of books on every phase of living.

They will be simply written, beautifully illustrated, thorough, and truthful. They will be as scientific as school-books—more modern than school-books. Most of them will be free for the asking.

These practical text-books on living will be supplied by manufacturers and merchants who realize that they must explain the purpose and use of what they have to sell. They will be written by authorities on food chemistry, on building, on infant feeding, on domestic finance, or on whatever subject is treated. They will be printed by good printers. American business men and American business women will see to it that these sweet girl graduates do not go through life ignorant of their wares.

And these booklets will be appreciated, asked for, read—and *buying* will follow. There is not a girl in this class, nor in any graduating class this year, who has not already learned the advantage, the interest, and the value of printed pieces.

You may find a few people still in business who doubt the value of such printing to their business; but you will not find any of the Youth of this Country who will not freely accept this printed tuition for guiding their purchases and their plans.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

Advice and information on the preparation of effective direct advertising is contained in a number of books on various phases of the subject issued by S. D. Warren Company.

Copies of books now printed and those to be issued during 1927 may be obtained without charge by addressing any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Or, if you prefer, address your communication direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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The Actor's Romance

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

You can't betray your client, but to be the best kind of detective you must be human

"One night I met a woman whose name had driven mine out of the newspapers"

Table of contents appears on page 53

PETER BRAGG, returning from lunch, accompanied by his partner, in the middle of a somewhat slack day, found Miss Ash, the perfect secretary, seated in his special chair, speaking into the telephone. Her manner, as she looked up at the entrance of her employer followed by Angus, indicated relief. A young woman of amazingly equable temperament, she was almost flustered.

"Sir James Kenmar is waiting to see you, sir," she announced. "I was just trying to get you on the telephone."

"Kenmar?" Peter Bragg repeated. "I wonder what he wants. Show him in, Miss Ash. Have you met him, George?"

"Once or twice, but not lately. He doesn't go out nearly as often as he used to."

Miss Ash opened the door of the waiting-room and spoke to its solitary occupant in a tone almost of reverence. Then she stood on one side to let him pass. He was one of the few great actors of the day whose appearance off the stage was at least as impressive as on. He had had the advantage of birth, a public school and college career, and he retained the naturalness of manner which somehow or other his understudies on the stage or in life failed to acquire. He looked hard at Peter Bragg and, recognizing Angus, nodded to him.

"Hullo," he exclaimed. "George Angus, isn't it? Are you a client too?"

Angus shook his head.

"Glad to see you, Sir James. No, I'm a partner in this show."

"The devil you are! Well, let me warn both of you gentlemen at once then that I'm here to lodge a complaint."

He installed himself in the chair which Peter Bragg had indicated. In the clear afternoon light the lines of approaching middle age were clearly visible on his handsome face. He was still, however, a very attractive-looking man.

"A complaint," Peter Bragg observed. "I don't remember that we have had the privilege of entering your name upon our books."

"If you haven't got it one way you have another," was the prompt reply. "I suppose you know all about it. For two months now, without a moment's cessation, I have been shadowed by one of your infernal men. I have come to ask what the devil it means?"

"In other words," Peter Bragg remarked dryly, "you ask us to divulge the name of our client."

Sir James, notwithstanding a proverbial affability, was not always good-tempered. His tone now was almost angry.

"Client be damned!" he exclaimed. "I'll go before the magistrate if it's necessary, but I will be relieved of this infernal surveillance."

"There is no method of escape for you except by arrangement, Sir James," Peter Bragg assured him. "A summons was applied for once before by a man who was suing for a divorce and was being watched. The application was dismissed at once."

"In any case then," Sir James proceeded, after a moment's reflection, "if you will not undertake to remove your man, I do insist upon knowing who it is who is having me watched."

"At the present moment," Peter Bragg confessed, "I have not the least idea myself. If you like to give me an hour or so to make inquiries at Strand House, I'll see what can be done. At present I am as ignorant of the whole affair as you are."

"At what hour then will it be convenient for you to see me again?" Sir James asked, glancing at his watch.

"At half-past five this afternoon or at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"At half-past five this afternoon I will return."

Sir James departed, leaving an impression behind of dignified but justifiable anger. Peter Bragg spoke for a few minutes to his managers at Strand House on the telephone.

"Rather a domestic sort of chap, Kenmar, isn't he?" he asked Angus, after he had put the receiver up.

"I've always thought so. To judge by the number of photographs you see of him in the home circle he can't have time to be anything else. . . ."

AN OFFICIAL from Strand House arrived presently with a little bundle of reports. Both partners studied them carefully. When they had come to an end, Peter Bragg leaned back in his chair.

"Well," he declared, "I had no idea that the life of a popular actor could be so dull. A walk in the park from half-past ten or a round of golf, luncheon at home, half an hour's sleep and then the club. Afterwards the theatre. Then either a little supper party at which his wife always seems to have been present, or else another hour at the club, and

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home. The same program for five days following! And there isn't a single Sunday upon which he hasn't spent the whole day with his family. Who on earth is paying to have such a paragon watched?"

"We have reason to believe, sir," the man from Strand House confided, "that the name of our client is assumed. He wished to remain anonymous, but we explained that it was impossible. We address our communications to Mr. Mackinden at a post office in Piccadilly. The money is paid always in bank notes in advance."

"Write to Mr. Mackinden at the post office and ask him to call here," Peter Bragg instructed. "The whole thing seems a stupid waste of time, and he is keeping one of our best men out of more interesting work."

At half-past five Sir James presented himself once more. For some reason or other his manner since the morning seemed to have changed. If such a thing had been possible one might have surmised that he was in the least degree nervous.

"Well," he demanded, "have you made up your mind to do as I asked and disclose the name of your client?"

"For the moment," Peter Bragg replied, "I am not able to do that, but I am anxious—we are both anxious—to meet you in every possible way. I have written to the person upon whose instructions we are acting, asking him to come and see me at once, and I am going to suggest to him that, in view of the reports we have received, this surveillance of your movements is a complete waste of time, apart from the fact that it is annoying to you. I shall ask this person, therefore, if he persists, to employ some other agency."

"And how much the better off shall I be?" Sir James demanded, with a note of anger in his tone.

"What I want to discover is the identity of the man or woman who is persecuting me in this manner."

"That I cannot possibly tell you at the present moment," Peter Bragg said firmly. "After my interview tomorrow I may be in a different position."

Sir James departed grumbling but with an appointment for the following afternoon.

PUNCTUALLY at eleven o'clock the next morning, according to an appointment reluctantly conceded, Mr. Mackinden was announced. Both Peter Bragg and Angus received their visitor with some curiosity. Without a doubt he was in a way a personage. He was dressed in somewhat foreign fashion, but with scrupulous care and neatness. His manners were irreproachable.

"It is very kind of you to have come," Peter Bragg found himself saying. "To tell you the truth, we have had a very angry visit from Sir James Kenmar, the actor."

"Indeed," the other murmured.

"As you know, we have been shadowing him for the last two months on your account. The reports, of which you have daily copies, would seem to suggest a life entirely normal and without incident. Might I ask if it is your wish that we should continue the commission?"

"Naturally, until I give you instructions to the contrary," Mr. Mackinden said. "I do not understand why you should ask the question."

Peter Bragg was for a moment nonplused.

"But the man's a model," he pointed out. "There isn't a place he has visited or a thing he has done which could be regarded as in the least degree suspicious."

Mr. Mackinden contemplated for a moment the end of his shining patent-leather shoe.

"It appears to me, Mr. Bragg," he said, "that we are slightly at cross purposes in this matter. I take it that you are responsible for making the inquiries, and I for forming an opinion upon them. Your reports have afforded me information which I desired. I am absolutely pledged to their continuance. If, therefore, the object of your sending for me is to say that you wish to retire from the business, I can, of course, employ another agency."

Peter Bragg considered the matter.

"Perhaps on the whole," he decided, "you had better do so. We have kept a faithful record of the movements of a well-known person for some two months without discovering any reason for such surveillance. Under those circumstances, as the person in question has expressed himself annoyed, we should prefer to discontinue our efforts. We are sorry to lose a client, Mr. Mackinden, but Sir James is a person entitled to some consideration."

Mr. Mackinden rose to his feet.

"You are perfectly within your rights, Mr. Bragg," he acknowledged. "I shall shortly issue instructions to another firm."

"That," Mr. Bragg replied, "must be as you wish. Before you leave, however, I should like to ask you this question: Sir James is most anxious to know at whose instructions he has been shadowed for the last two months. Am I at liberty to tell him?"

There was a flash of anger in the visitor's cold gray eyes.

"I should consider your doing so, sir," he pronounced emphatically, "a gross breach of confidence."

"That ends the matter then," Peter Bragg assured him.

The door closed behind Mr. Mackinden.

Sir James presented himself that afternoon at the appointed hour. He was as distinguished and as good-looking as ever, but the slight fit of nervousness from which he seemed to have been suffering on his previous visit was still evident. His first question was sharply asked and there was a note of anxiety in his tone.

"Well, have you found out who this Johnny is who's wasting his time and money on me?" he demanded.

"I have had an interview with our client," Peter Bragg confided. "We do not know, however, whether he is acting on his own account or on someone else's and I regret to say that he point-blank refuses to allow us to disclose his identity."

"Look out for yourself," Angus warned him. And Saunders turned around to meet Angus' fist in his face

"You mean that you can't tell me who he is?"

"I am very sorry but I'm afraid we can't. On the other hand I intimated that we could see nothing in the reports we had submitted to warrant your being exposed to annoyance, and I have, therefore, told him that from midnight tonight our engagement with him ceases."

"He will only go somewhere else," Sir James muttered gloomily.

"That, I am afraid, is a fact," Peter Bragg assented.

Sir James looked steadily at a calendar across the room.

"Mr. Bragg," he said slowly, after a moment's pause, "you don't want to lose a good client, I suppose. Let me make a proposition to you. Continue the commission on your own account. I promise you I will make no further complaint, but—grant me this one favor—let me be a free man for one day—Thursday next, the seventeenth of October."

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that, Sir James," Peter Bragg pointed out. "If I accept the commission, I must accept it in its entirety."

The actor rose to his feet. For a moment he remained deep in thought.

"Mr. Bragg," he said, "if there is no escape from this damnable espionage it would perhaps be better if you continued to act, for the present at any rate, on behalf of my unknown enemies. The idea of a further detective agency being dragged into the matter is simply ghastly. I withdraw my protests. Earn your fees from your unmentionable client, but—"

It was evident that at the moment Sir James was almost inclined to extend a certain measure of confidence to his two companions. For no obvious reason, however, he changed his mind. He departed with a farewell glance at the calendar but without another word. Peter Bragg and his partner exchanged a quick look.

"Better send word round to Mackinden that we'll continue the commission," was Peter Bragg's only comment.

ANGUS, by chance rather at a loose end one afternoon toward the end of the following week, wandered into his club at about six o'clock and played a couple of rubbers of bridge. He had just decided, in common with some kindred spirits, that the hour for a first cocktail had arrived, when a note was brought to him. It was dated from the Imperial Theatre and consisted only of a few lines:

Dear Mr. Angus—

If you should happen to be disengaged this evening, you would do me the greatest possible favor if you would spare me half an hour (*Continued on page 38*)

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Dirty Weather Ahead

Here's a clear view of the political barometer, revealing why Mr. Dawes has become the favorite tip of the touts

By CLINTON W. GILBERT

PAGE the American farmer if you would know what is going to happen in the great political year of 1928. "Mr. American Farmer! Mr. American Farmer! A message from President Coolidge!"

Mr. Coolidge writes: "My heart is wrung at the thought of your troubles. But don't be absurd. Don't upset the apple cart. Remember the beneficent operations of the law of supply and demand. In time there will be fewer and richer farmers."

And, to emphasize the way in which the law of supply and demand works, Mr. Coolidge jacks up the tariff on pig iron under the elastic provisions of the law. A wonderful thing is the law of supply and demand.

"Mr. American Farmer! Mr. American Farmer!" A message from the Democratic party. "How about a little reduction in the tariff? If Mr. Coolidge will not let you boost the prices of the things you sell, why not give us a boost that will force down the prices of the things you buy?"

"Mr. American Farmer! Mr. American Farmer!" A message from the Republican party. (No, this message is not written yet: its form is only being whispered about in secret.) "How about another Republican candidate for President in 1928, say Mr. Lowden or Mr. Dawes?"

Nineteen twenty-eight is coming on apace. In December of this year South Dakota will start the business of showing who are going to be the next candidates for President. Like the robin in the child's poem, what will the farmer do then, poor thing?

U. & U.

Dawes, in a G. O. P. straddle, might ride well enough

© U. & U.

President Coolidge may have done too good a job

Wide World

Lowden is old, and he might lose the East

If he is going to stay Republican, he may have to vote for Mr. Coolidge and fewer and richer farmers. Mr. Coolidge at present has the Republican nomination under lock and key if he wants to keep it. And maybe he has found a holy cause in protecting this country from the iniquitous McNary-Haugen Bill.

If he wants to vote for the Democratic party and a lower tariff on the things he buys, he is likely to have to vote for Governor Al Smith, an Eastern man, an urban man, a Wet and a lot of other things alien to the prairies.

Or if the close-mouthed Mr. Coolidge is canny and does not choose to submit his program of fewer and richer farmers to the tractor-riding voters he may have a chance of voting for Mr. Lowden and Mr. Dawes and a McNary-Haugen Bill two years from now which, according to the most unbiased expert opinion, won't work—that is, of waiting two years and getting a legal mess of pottage.

Hine—from Galloway

Mr. Farmer: Big messages are coming your way

If anyone can guess what the farmer will do then, poor thing, he ought to get a job as an oracle. But the paging of the American farmer will go right on from now until the national party conventions assemble in 1928 and then until the vote is cast on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of that memorable political year.

For many successful decades the Republican party has consisted of a combination of the business interests of the East and the agrarian interests of the West. Now, as the farmers look at it, the party has passed into the hands of a holding company, insiders all Eastern, while the agrarian interests find their stock in the concern to be Class B, no control, nonvoting shares.

And all the guesses that the Republican party will go on being a successful combination of East and West are based on the well-known habit of stockholders—clinging to their stock in the hope of validating it through a reorganization.

Anyway, the laugh is on the other side of the face politically as a result of the past session of Congress and the passage and veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill. December saw the Republicans chortling because the Democrats seemed certain to split forty ways for Sunday on whether they nominated Governor Al Smith for President in 1928 or not.

Now it looks as though the Democrats would nominate Governor Smith and would hold together fairly well about him in the hope of winning. And the Republicans look grave as they wonder what their Class B stockholders from the West will do in the next session of Congress.

The next session of Congress is a political nightmare. It troubles the sleep in the White House, if Mr. Coolidge has any ambition to run again. And it may disturb the repose of Governor Frank Lowden and Vice President Dawes, for at the next annual meeting the Class A and Class B stockholders in Republican Amalgamated may get to fighting each other over the tariff. That indeed would be a blood feud.

But it is too soon to estimate what will be the effect of the veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill. The first effect of the veto was undoubtedly rage and surprise in the agrarian states of the West.

A Good Crop Might Do Wonders

NOW, there are two guesses as to what the farmer will think when he recovers from his first indignation over the veto.

One guess is that the farmer, having had time to study the President's veto message, will be convinced that the McNary-Haugen Bill was a bad, unworkable measure. Then the farmer, listening to reason, will be patient and continue to put his faith in the Republican party. And perhaps, it is added hopefully, there will be an improvement in crop prices next (*Continued on page 42*)

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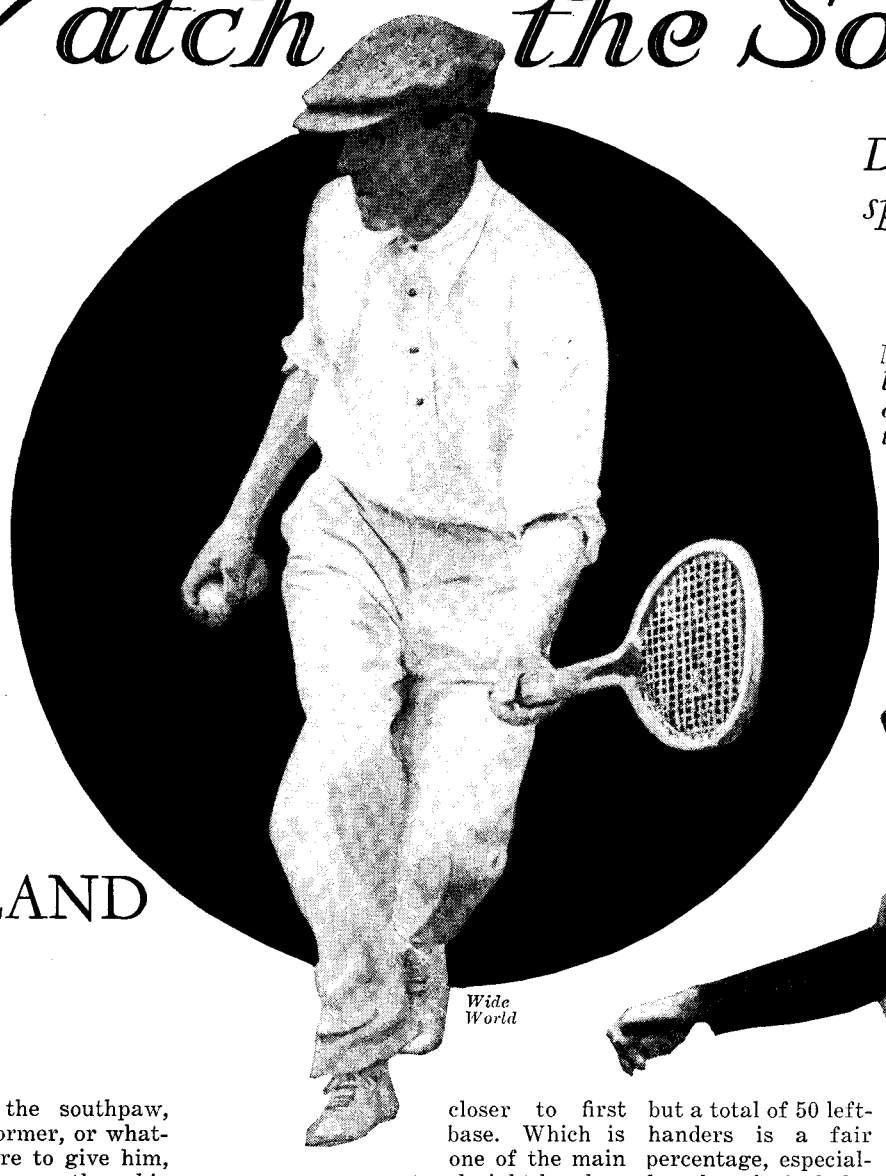
Watch the Southpaws

Does the left-hander hold his own in sports? Certainly in baseball and tennis, but why not in golf?



Norman Brookes, left-hander, one of the greatest tennis players of all time

Wide World

By GRANTLAND RICE

THE left-hander, the southpaw, the port-side performer, or whatever name you care to give him, has come in for more than his share of the wild raspberry, but when you check back on his record in competition it will meet any test you may care to apply.

Anguished parents are said to have broken down in despair upon discovering that their male offspring were southpaws, but the southpaw on an average hasn't been any loonier than a Nordic paw or a right-hander, and his general score has been just as high.

Every game except golf has its left-handed stars, and while golf has turned out no left-handed national champions, it has a few southpaws who can crack 80 and at least make the right-handers step.

The game that turns more to left-handers than any other is baseball. As a starter there is Babe Ruth. As a left-handed pitcher he set a record for effectiveness. As a left-handed hitter he has steered more home runs over outfield fences than any other two men in baseball history.

Most of baseball's leading batsmen have been left-handed hitters. A partial list includes Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, George Sisler, Zach Wheat, Roush, Waner, Manush, Goslin, Rice and many, many more. How many left-handed hitters do the two big leagues carry? More than you might think. When the season opened the American League had 68 and the National League had 63, a total of 131 who take aim from the port side.

Certainly no other single game has such a large percentage of left-handed operators, many of whom are converts from a right-handed start. Babe Ruth is a natural left-hander. So are Tris Speaker and George Sisler. But Cobb and Collins are natural right-handers who throw with the right hand but who elected to do their hitting a step or two closer to first base. Which is one of the main reasons so many natural right-handers have switched.

When a right-hander is pitching these left-handed hitters have a big advantage, for his best curve ball breaks in to them and not away from the plate. It is another story when a southpaw pitcher steps into the box, for then his best and fastest curve breaks away from their range.

There are a few left-handed batsmen, notably Cobb, who can hit any type of pitching, but these are in the minority. It is for this reason that managers have double sets of outfielders who can be used to face the pitching of the afternoon—right-handed hitter against left-handed pitching and the other way around.

Port-siders Are Trouble Makers

NEARLY all the great first basemen have been left-handers. Fred Tenny, Hal Chase, George Sisler, Jiggs Donahue, Joe Judge, Lou Blue, Walter Pipp and Jim Bottomley are only a few who might be mentioned.

A southpaw has an easier play to make in pegging to second or third and just as easy in shooting for the plate. He would have a harder time at second, short or third, where left-handers have been almost unknown, with only one or two rare exceptions.

There have been any number of star left-handed outfielders; one has only to mention Speaker, Ruth, Manush, Jamieson, Falk, Roush and Waner. Speaker and Ruth are among the most accurate of all the snipers who aim for the infield or the plate to bring down advancing runners.

There were 33 southpaws pitching in the American League last season, from Herb Pennock on the way down. There were only 17 in the National League, but a total of 50 left-handers is a fair percentage, especially when it includes such names as Pennock, Rixey, Sherdel, Petty, Grove and other winners well up in the front line.

From Toad Ramsay to Herb Pennock and Eppa Rixey the left-hander has been a big factor in making baseball history where few have written so many spectacular chapters as Rube Waddell or as many smart episodes as Doc White. Eddie Plank of the Athletics, another smart southpaw, had one of the greatest pitching records baseball knows.

But baseball isn't the only game where the southpaw has absorbed his share of the glory. There is a tennis player by the name of Norman Brookes. Mr. Brookes is a left-hander. He was a Davis Cup internationalist more than twenty years ago, and he is a good tennis player today.

© Keystone

Herb Pennock, great Yankee southpaw

Brookes still ranks as one of the greatest tennis players of all time. No one who saw his first battle with Maurice McLoughlin in the Davis Cup tests of 1914 can ever forget the thrill of that first set which McLoughlin finally won at 17-15. But Brookes and Wilding finally carried home the cup.

Later on Lindley Murray of California, another left-hander, fought his way to the front in a national championship. Murray was a rushing, spectacular type, and he would have remained a contending star for many years if business interests had not forced him away from competitive play. But Norman Brookes still remains the greatest of all the left-handers at tennis, and not many right-handers have been close to his mark.

Watson Webb of America's Big Four has been the leading polo star in the left-handers' list. Webb was recently rated on a par with Milburn and Hitchcock in British handicapping, and he is without question one of the best, an almost certain member of the next Big Four who will defend the international cup.

In many games the left-hander has one advantage. He gets accustomed to facing right-handers, but right-handers get less competition against the southpaw type and therefore are often puzzled as to how they can meet the attack. This often applies to boxing.

Jim Jeffries made much more use of his left hand than he did of his right at a time when the right hand was supposed to be the mauling and the winning factor. Big Jeff had a wicked smash with his left, and it caught more than one opponent off guard, attempting to protect himself from a right-hand punch.

The middleweight division has bubbled over with port-side punchers who were left-handers in every way. Al McCoy of Brooklyn won the middleweight title by crowning George Chip. Johnny Wilson, another southpaw, came along to win his title from Mike O'Dowd. A little later on Tiger Flowers, the Georgia Deacon, brought a left-handed attack into the ring against Harry Greb, to win the same middleweight crown.

In addition to these the ring has known Knock-out Brown, George Chaney, Honey-boy Finnegan, Lew Tendler and others who were southpaw snipers. Paul Berlenbach used his left almost exclusively to hammer his way to the top of the light-heavyweight division and pile up a bank account of $350,000 before Jack Delaney softened him up and Mike McTigue left him on the back of his neck.

There are not so many in boxing who carry a good left hand into action, and when one arrives he usually causes no little trouble. Eddie Roberts, who stopped Joe Dundee in a round, discovered this recently when he wandered into New England and took on Al Mello.

Mello is a welterweight southpaw. He caught Roberts with a flank attack, an attack quite unexpected, and stopped the Westerner in less than a round. Mello had (*Continued on page 41*)

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The Day of Sorrow

A Short Short Story

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The croupier did not speak. His face was chalky

Illustrated by PAUL VOGEL

ALTHOUGH he was strikingly handsome and unmistakably possessed of money, women did not accost Roger Halstead in the gaming-rooms of the Monte Carlo casino. His thin face, with its deeply carven lines, forbade advances, and although there were many unattached women who eyed his stack of hundred-franc chips covetously, his frigid reserve bulwarked him against the customary offers of companionship which do much to relieve the tedium of play for the lone male.

Tonight was no exception to the rule which Halstead had established several weeks before. He dined in his rooms at the Hotel de Paris, moved slowly through the casino gardens and entered the portals of the elaborate building. He checked his coat, hat and stick and passed into the gaming-room, where he presented ten thousand-franc notes to the cashier in his little cage and received therefor a handful of chips, the smallest of which was marked with the figure 100.

He seated himself impassively at a table near the entrance to the Cercle Privé, arranged his chips and stared at the dancing ball for a moment before making a bet. Two women, habitués of the place, exchanged glances. For nearly two months now they had watched this distinguished American enter the casino each night, play indifferently, lose rather heavily—and then depart. At first they observed that he played without interest, as though he sought only to escape from his thoughts. He displayed no interest in his occasional winnings.

These women had discussed him. They were keen observers and sensed tragedy. They knew life and men well enough to pierce the curtain of his bleak gray eyes and to understand that there was a deadly purpose underlying this nightly play.

They were nearer right than they believed. Halstead, a truly wealthy man, had resided in France for many years. Two years before he had met, courted and married a French girl fifteen years his junior. They had no tastes in common. It was inevitable that their marriage should prove unsuccessful.

The unfortunate thing was that he was madly in love with her. To her love was a passing, fleeting fancy; a month of passion, then a craving for variety. But he, in his idolatrous blindness, did not suspect the truth until he waked one morning to find that she had gone—a brief, thoughtless, cruel note saying that she had left him for another man.

That had been in Nice. He stifled the initial impulse to leave the Riviera. He felt that she was not far away—she and the man for whose arms she had deserted his. He wished to meet her—and above all, he wished to meet the man (she had said in her note that it was a Frenchman) who had blasted his single dream.

The head croupier greeted Halstead with a cold, formal smile. He was much younger than the American, but his face bore a professional inscrutability, the impressive impersonality which belongs to those whose business it is to handle the wages of others. Halstead returned the greeting with equal formality, lighted a cigarette, dropped a hundred-franc chip on a 17-20 cheval, and lost.

He neither played carelessly nor recklessly. His thoughts were not upon the game, nor upon his chances of winning. His level gray eyes lifted occasionally and swept the room with a low-lidded glance. Some evening, perhaps, his wife—the wife who had deserted him—would appear. He did not know what he would do should he see her, but he did know that his soul was hungry for her. Once or twice he caught the eye of the croupier. The man's face was as masklike as his own. There seemed a queer bond between player and croupier—a bond tinctured by an unrecognized hostility.

Tonight Halstead's luck was unusually bad. He shifted from numbers to the dozens and columns. He even resorted to play on the even chances: passé and manque, black and red, odd and even. He did not particularly desire to win, but steady loss was boring. He rose from the table and shoved into the pocket of his dinner jacket the three thousand francs yet remaining to him. These chips he carried to the cashier's cage for conversion into currency.

THE cashier, a little man with quick, birdlike eyes, addressed him in French.

"You are Monsieur Halstead?"

"Yes."

The cashier counted the chips quickly and placed a small pile of thousand-franc notes on the ledge. Halstead frowned.

"You have made a mistake. I gave you three thousand francs in chips. You have given me ten thousand francs."

The cashier nodded brightly. "That is correct. It is the pleasure of the management that Monsieur should not lose at the tables tonight."

Halstead was annoyed. "I don't know what you are talking about. I played and lost—"

"But the management does not wish Monsieur to lose tonight. Tomorrow night; yes—we shall be pleased. Last night we are pleased. But tonight it is not so."

The American controlled himself with an effort. "I don't understand this. You must explain, else—"

"Since Monsieur demands it, I shall explain. You see, there is an ancient gambling tradition that a player shall not be allowed to lose on the day when his wife or sweetheart has died."

Halstead's eyes closed for an instant. He spoke very softly.

"You—you mean you have heard—that my wife died—today?"

"But certainly, monsieur. It is very sad. And it is not our desire to take the money of a man on such a day, for we feel that he does not gamble with proper care. It will be the very evil luck."

Halstead shoved three thousand francs into his pocket. He stood uncertainly, fingering the other pile of money: the seven thousand-franc notes. He spoke without meeting the other's eyes: "How does it happen that you knew my name—and knew that my wife died today?"

"Aah, Monsieur. Word was sent to me of that very sad event."

"By whom?"

"The croupier at your table, Monsieur. It was he who sent word that you must not be permitted to lose tonight."

Halstead moved away from the little cage. His face was expressionless. It did not reflect the bitter sorrow which enveloped him, nor the red hate which suffused him at the knowledge that at last he had found the man with whom his wife had eloped.

Halstead walked with an even, firm tread toward the table where he had played. He did not seat himself. Instead he moved to the side of the croupier. The man turned to face Halstead. He held the little ivory ball in his fingers. The players at the table gazed with interest upon the two tall, handsome men who stood eye to eye. But even if the players could have heard the conversation they would not have understood. Only Halstead and the croupier comprehended the deadly menace.

"There is a superstition," said Halstead quietly, "that it is bad luck to permit a player to lose on the day his wife or sweetheart has died."

The croupier nodded. His face was impassive, but his throat was very dry.

Halstead placed on the table seven thousand francs.

"That is the precise amount I lost at this table tonight," he said coldly. "You understand? I lost it at your table, and I am leaving it here."

The croupier did not speak. His face was chalky.

"One more thing," said Halstead. "About that superstition: I wish to warn you that in your case it will prove to be correct."

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"We have with us Tonight"

Ibañez, Maeterlinck, Dunsany, Winston Churchill, Galsworthy, Conan Doyle, Tagore: these stars draw the crowds, but sometimes the job of managing them is a good deal harder than it may sound

An interview with

JAMES B. POND

By

JOHN B. KENNEDY

Winston Churchill's manner was offensively superior

VICENTE Blasco Ibanez stormed into an elaborate Chicago hotel suite between two lines of waiting admirers, one a group of newspaper men, the other composed of representatives of the Spanish American Chamber of Commerce. A wiry Porto Rican, as swarthy as the illustrious author, but firmer-lipped, more self-contained, trailed the literary lion.

Ibañez tore off his hat, jumped on it, gaped through the rangy windows at a then uninspiring lake front of smoking locomotives and muddy breakers. He cursed fluently, ferociously.

"Señor Ibañez," said the Porto Rican interpreter to the reporters, "is tired and angry, as you see."

The newspaper boys counted ten more jumps and waited an explanation.

"Leaving the train," said the interpreter, "he was given a hat which, it seems, was not his. Hence his anger."

But a delegate from the Spanish American Chamber of Commerce drove Ibañez to higher flights of wrath by telling him his interpreter had falsely translated. Ibañez cursed the Porto Rican—raved at him. In a lull the interpreter faced the newspaper men.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have traveled with Señor Ibañez for several weeks. He has had an arduous tour, and naturally his temper has suffered. I have tried to protect him by softening his outbursts in my interpretations. Now I shall tell you exactly what he said—that this hotel is a dump, that Chicago is an unfit place for any civilized man to live in and that he is tired of looking at a pack of newspaper idiots."

After the newspaper men had had their innings in print the Chicago lecture had to be abandoned.

That was one incident of many typical of the troubles that confront a man who handles imported celebrities. James B. Pond is the head of the Pond Lyceum Bureau, which for fifty years has specialized in supplying eager Americans with exotic objects of admiration.

Mr. Pond is a comparatively young man, having inherited his well-ramified lecture business from his father, the late Major Pond, who presented more foreign celebrities to American audiences than Madame Tussaud housed in effigy at her famous waxworks in Marylebone, London.

For twenty years he has followed in his father's footsteps, stalking the headliners of Europe and America. He has had pleasure in his acquaintance with notables, and pain; also, for he is a business man, some profit, and for the first time he draws the curtain on the backstage drama and comedy of the process of manufacturing the oratorical by-products of fame:

Thunder in the West

"A WRITER, scientist or explorer is acclaimed, or perhaps some war hero or front-page stunt artist. Instantly a keen appetite to see and hear him or her arises. We have the machinery for presenting the celebrity with revenue to himself and usually to us. He is seen in evening dress, suavely lecturing to a crowded hall of admirers who sit in awe at the great man's words, but who rarely appreciate the difficulties encountered in getting him there and making him give a good show.

"At the outset let me say that the net of my experience is satisfactory. The majority of the people I route have been and are clean-dealing, businesslike and conscientious. But"—he sighed a sigh like an echo from the Book of Job—"there are the others.

"The most temperamental literary lion I have ever brought to this country was Vicente Blasco Ibañez, author of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Ibañez determined, on coming to America, that he would utter no word of English. Easy enough. He knows very little. I engaged an interpreter for him, an ex-army officer from the South.

"The Spanish, when they use derogatory terms, do so quite thoroughly, branding not only one's immediate parents, but one's antecedents to the fourth generation. One day I found the interpreter, his service revolver bulging in his pocket, stalking along the hotel corridor, pale and agitated, determined to rid the world of at least one famous author. Business reasons impelled me to dissuade him.

"Thereupon we engaged a Porto Rican, who understood Ibañez and his temperament, to act as interpreter. This suave young man got along fairly well but one day at Ann Arbor hand shaking caused Ibañez to miss his train. A high executive of a Michigan railway took the interpreter aside and generously offered his private car to the Spanish author. Ibañez had the message translated. He fumed. What did this mean? That he would ride on that car and have a shrewd Yankee advertise the fact?

"The railroad man overheard the fuming. He had run railroads in South America and understood Spanish. 'Tell Señor Ibañez,' he said to the interpreter, 'that he can walk to Detroit so far as I am concerned.'

"Maeterlinck was hardly less temperamental than Ibañez, although more polite. His visit was a succession of wrangles and minor ruptures, ending in a legal dispute as to who had rights to manage him, myself or someone else. That need not concern us now. The amusing part of the tangle was the lengths to which friends went to protect Maeterlinck from legal service.

"At the Ritz-Carlton ballroom a small fence was built about the speaker's stand when he lectured and two businesslike pugilists were engaged to fend off process servers. Those two grim gentlemen sat disguised in evening clothes that didn't fit them very well throughout a lengthy discussion of immortality by Maeterlinck which they couldn't by any possibility understand. Neither, for that matter, could the audience until they heard the interpreter. Maeterlinck spoke in French, having abandoned his early device of phonetic spelling which he thought (*Continued on page 44*)

Pontifical Annie Besant and her Messiah Krishnamurti

"Lion" hunting runs in the Pond family. This is James the Second

Ibañez, according to Mr. Pond, is the most temperamental literary lion ever brought to this country

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The Gold Rush puts on Dawg

Close-ups of WIDE-OPEN WEEPAH

SHADES of Chilkoot Pass and Klondike sourdoughs! There never was a gold rush like this—where dancing girls are highbrow and desert rats listen to the radio!

By D. E. CRUZAN

A BIG touring car, piled high with trunks, boxes and bedding, came to a grinding stop in a cloud of desert dust. Three men sprang out and began the task of getting a large tent from the running board to the ground. Working with feverish haste, they stretched out the canvas, placed poles and raised the big, flapping mass. While two held the poles upright the third drove pegs and tightened ropes.

Three women, a layer of dust covering the artificial roses in their cheeks and the penciled lines that marked their eyebrows, alighted and began helping with the unloading.

First, two boxes, obviously containing groceries, were carried into the tent and placed on end. Next a board was laid on top, making an improvised counter. Then came a trunk from which was taken a cloth to cover the board. Glasses followed and then a bottle and a demijohn.

One of the men stepped to the front of the tent.

"I'm Hard Rock Jack from Quartz Mountain!" he yelled. "Everybody come and have a drink. The first one is on the house!" And in an undertone, "Get busy, girls!"

Thus in less than twenty minutes was born the first dance hall in Weepah, latest of Nevada's mushroom gold towns.

For twenty years the vast desert of Nevada had lain dormant, watching the gradual encroachment of modern times. But with the cry of "Gold at Weepah" the desert reawoke to life; back to it trooped the desert rats, gamblers, women and sure-thing men who have made lurid the history of every gold rush the West has seen.

They Gave It Away

DESPITE the changes wrought by time, despite the discarding of the burro for the flivver, the packhorse for the roadster and the wagon and team for the truck and limousine, human nature at Weepah is the same as in the days of Goldfield, Tonopah and Rawhide—names to conjure with in Nevada history.

For the same old faces were seen among the prospectors and miners who trooped out the twenty-seven miles to Weepah from Tonopah. Many were the reunions among friends who had not met since "the last one."

Some came rich and seeking more; others came broke but confident that at last they would "strike it."

And in their wake came the usual crowd. New faces perhaps, but the same old professions, the same old lures, the same end in view—to get with ease what others secured by dint of hard labor.

Some day a Western poet will rise to sing the saga of the badger hole. The history of Nevada gold mines is based largely on badger holes.

The badgers like rocky dens, but the rocks must not be too hard. Instinct tells them where the soft rock is, just below the surface.

Now, gold, the real high-grade, is found among the soft rocks. No good prospector will overlook panning out the badger burrows in the district he is working.

Frank Horton, Sr., owner of the property on which the Weepah strike was made, had gone broke there working an old mine. He went to Los Angeles to raise further finances. He left his last $5 with his family and borrowed money to take him south.

Young Frank Horton was left at the mine to guard the property, on which a judgment for labor claims had been filed. Frank and his chum, Leonard Traynor, decided to do a little prospecting on their own account.

"Here's a badger hole," said Frank, pointing to a spot some ten feet from the trail. "Let's take a chance and pan it out."

The first pan showed a color or two. This, in prospector's parlance, means flecks of gold. Encouraged, the boys went to work, and the gold content increased with each pan. Finally they began digging below the surface and within two feet struck a ledge. Specimens showed free gold, apparent to the naked eye.

Taking two sacks of ore, they started for Tonopah. There they confided their "trouble," as they termed it, to Nick Ableman, owner of the Tonopah Club, a gambling house. He at once had an assay taken and received the report of "$78,000 a ton." Ore running $20 a ton is considered a good find.

The news spread like wildfire, and then the boys realized their mistake. In their excitement they had not staked out the surrounding claims!

Day and night they were dogged by the populace of Tonopah. At night a miniature army camped about the Horton and Traynor homes.

At last the lads decided to make a run for it and started one midnight despite a blinding snowstorm.

Every man and woman in Tonopah went with them!

Gaming tables were idle, dance halls and red-light houses closed, county officers, school teachers, business men—all forgot their various pursuits and joined in the wild midnight chase across the desert.

Not having money for gasoline to take them to Weepah, the boys offered Lee Henderson, Tonopah garage man, a third interest in one claim for ten gallons. Three weeks later Henderson received a check for $1,666.66, his share of the $5,000 the claim brought when the youths sold it.

The ride to the strike that night took three hours. Old-timers, bringing back to memory the days of the burro, estimated that it then would have taken two days to cover the same distance under the same circumstances.

The Weepah rush that first night presented a picture of contrasts. Take Dorothy Forrest and Wave Cross, the former a cabaret entertainer, the latter an assayer, school-teacher and writer. Dorothy took (*Continued on page 43*)

"Fraction Jack" Reddy is at his old tricks with careless claim stakers

P. & A.

"Blackjack": This might be 1860 or 1906, but it's 1927

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Songs my Mother never

By LAURENCE STALLINGS

Author of The Big Parade and co-author of What Price Glory?

"Many a golden lad now ten years dead" sang these songs. Many a strong young voice now forever stilled got the inspiration to go forward from lines that were never heard in the Y. M. C. A.

SHE was a mam'selle, and she came from Armentières. Of her features absolutely nothing is known. Her name has been forgotten. The fact is left us, however, that her skin was fair and that she was a girl of noble proportions, great generosity and magnificent stamina. She had, I suspect, a deep maternal instinct.

Her parentage is even more obscure than her name. It is known that her father was a French farmer, most fair-spoken to English-speaking soldiers. That is all.

Some jovial genius of a British Tommy knew her in the spring of 1915, for British officers have told me that was the year her fame was first sung by their men. Though she hailed from Armentières, the town in which the Tommy met and immortalized her has escaped history.

Anyhow, he made a ballad to her, this genius, and he raked from his memory a gorgeous tune in which to set it; presumably a tune from other British armies of other wars, though I have painstakingly asked composers if they recalled such a stave, and they have not.

This is a pity, for it was the best-liked tune of Heaven knows how many millions of soldiers, many of them dying with it fragrant in memory. The lips of countless dead had sung it, the wits of thousands of sleeping youths had added to its verses the fertility of their unrestrained invention.

The mademoiselle from Armentières was the best-known woman in the British and American forces. The song dedicated to her affectionate memory is called Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

Soldiers have a flair for songs, and Hinky Dinky is the recital piece of their latest collection. Wars engender songs. I know one that Cæsar's men sang: a ribald snatch that reflected upon that great captain's morals.

A song for soldiers to sing on the march can have no stirring martial music in it.

John Philip Sousa is for parades, and he has relieved the boredom and contributed to the snap of many a one with his marches. But the soldier's tune must have not only a left-foot cadence and a simple rhyming verse, but a wide field for invention and improvement.

It is, I am certain, the finest outlet for the tenseness of discipline.

The platoon leader with the beginnings of wisdom in his head will drop back when his men begin to sing on the route. Otherwise a great many educated men, able to improvise and enlarge the confines of the ballad, will remain silent in the ranks rather than permit their officer to know that they are capable of bawdy language.

Your soldier, if he sings, rarely needs a psychoanalyst to loosen his few inhibitions. He rids himself of them in song.

Hinky Dinky was ideal. It had a free swing, a beautiful monotony of double lines repeated exactly but for a whip line rhyming audaciously with the first. It is difficult, searching among the hundreds remembered, to find a printable verse in the Hinky Dinky collection. This is a mild example:

Oh, the general got the croix de guerre,
Parleyvoo!
Oh, the general got the croix de guerre,
Parleyvoo!
Oh, the general got the croix de guerre,
But the son of a gun wasn't even there!
Hinky Dinky, P-a-r-l-e-y-v-o-o-!

This simple rhyming scheme, it will be seen at once, offers limitless possibilities to the man in ranks anxious to contribute to his outfit's minstrelsy.

The tune itself was simple enough, its range of notes so constricted that even the hoarsest mess sergeant, having devised a new verse after a night of study, could croak it forth with all the gay insouciance of an operatic tenor after a drink of strong whisky.

I do not mean to say that all the verses of Hinky Dinky were so simple as that. In the true account of the courtship and subsequent history of the mam'selle there are verses with as many as five rhymes.

Of course it was not every regiment's luck to contain such an unknown genius as the soldier who wrote the stave concerning the arrival into a war-torn world of the mam'selle's son.

Such a brilliant verse needed a great composer, for it was upon the adventures of this child that the full strength of Hinky Dinky was loosed. This in itself carried the ironical implication that the war would continue until the sons of the men of 1915 were at least major generals in the British Army or, later, the American Army.

100 New Verses a Week

IT WAS this son that made the ballad perfect for every rank and every regiment. Each outfit, acquiring the few initial verses necessary to the composition, wrote its own concerning the child, who was, of course, enlisted a true son of the regiment and intimately connected with its history.

In other words, Hinky Dinky had all the qualities of a folksong. I daresay a platoon of the Fifth Marines would compose and sing a hundred new verses in a week's marching, and not one verse in any way concerned with any other command of men at that time on the roads or the hillsides along the Marne.

In virtually all commands the first verse was standard. This verse was in the nature of a philosophic and pathologic observation, perhaps not entirely unwarranted, as to the peculiar manners of the French as a race. It was a preface of the ballad to follow, a preliminary twanging of the minstrel's lyre and overture for the opera from Armentières.

After that the story ran as well as the wits of the platoon might invent it. With a good marching tune, an easy rhyming scheme and a complete lack of patriotic cant in its subject matter, it had very great popularity.

As I say, it was a favorite air of many golden lads now ten years dead. One may object to its sprightly bawdiness, but it ought to be respected. It ought to be saved.

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taught me

Soldier songs, or anything else appertaining to the true gusto of the soldier, are rarely saved.

Instead we force children to commit to memory the hifaluting words of some politician addressing a gathering of politicians. We compel them to memorize the words spoken by some general as he laid a wreath upon the grave of the Marquis de Sade in behalf of the army. We ask them to remember infantile songs written by the slaves of Tin Pan Alley or by patriotic poets whose patriotism is stronger than their humor.

That there were jolly good home tunes, nobody can deny. Such a one was Irving Berlin's Some Day I'm Going to Murder the Bugler, which was a perfect song to be chanted disconsolately by men aroused at 4:30 A. M. Another was his Poor Little Me, I'm on K. P., but it was not a marching song. It was a comic dirge.

These two songs the A. E. F. sometimes sang affectionately, in the solace and rest of billets—never on the route.

Ruddy Stuff for the Open Road

BUT the road songs, the things that made a command go heads up and tails over the dashboard, were of its own invention. Anything that passed through a soldier's mind came out in a soldier's version, a ruddy version not accepted in polite society or in Y. M. C. A.'s, and fit only for free companions, with no lady within a mile of earshot.

Better one line of We're the Boys That Make no Noise than a song book filled with such idiotic stuff as It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There.

A soldier with a full pack and an empty belly, careering along a muddy road with his braces galling him and his bandoliers irking him and his rifle growing pounds heavier by the mile, could spare no thoughts for Berlin.

It was better to sing a stave to the effect that the old gray mare, meaning the major's horse, "ain't what she used to be," and go into intimate detail as to why the old gray mare had entered upon her decline.

No Yawping Patriotism

EVEN the great hit of George M. Cohan's devising—which the French in their vaudeville theatres, overjoyed at America's entry, sang as Ovair Zere—was transmuted from the dull brass of a yawping patriotism to the pure gold of a soldier's fancy, and came out as Underwear, Underwear, Scratching Here, Scratching There, Everywhere. . . .

I recall a base hospital that possessed its own galaxy of song hits, sung at no other base. It was that long collection of sheds at Savigny which was called Base 8, and which was a relay station for stretcher cases being shipped back to God's Country.

In this hospital it had been decreed that all entering its stately pleasure dome must be trussed up in plaster casts. Someone had thought it a good idea to put all wounded men in concrete sarcophagi for traveling on the ocean. A great many men ran high fever as soon as the plaster casts had set.

And so there came into being, around Christmas, 1918, a song which was sung to the tune of The Good Old Summer Time. It was sung with the fake tenderness of yawping, sardonic men. It ran:

In the base at Savenay,
Where the sick and wounded l-a-y—
Running up their temperatures
More and more each day. . . .
Oh, they put them all in plaster casts,
And that's a very good sign
That they will stay at Savenay
Till the good old summer time.

When this song palled there was another ready (*Continued on page 41*)

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Enter the

It's a far cry from the hero of today to the mummers who thrilled the matinéegoers of a generation past. And you can pick your own cry

Fox

The old-fashioned woman who used to think Richard Mansfield was deevine, now has a daughter who thinks tin-hatted Victor McLaglen is the cat's. Somewhere underneath it all there's a deep sociological lesson to be learned—but it's your lead, partner; it's your lead

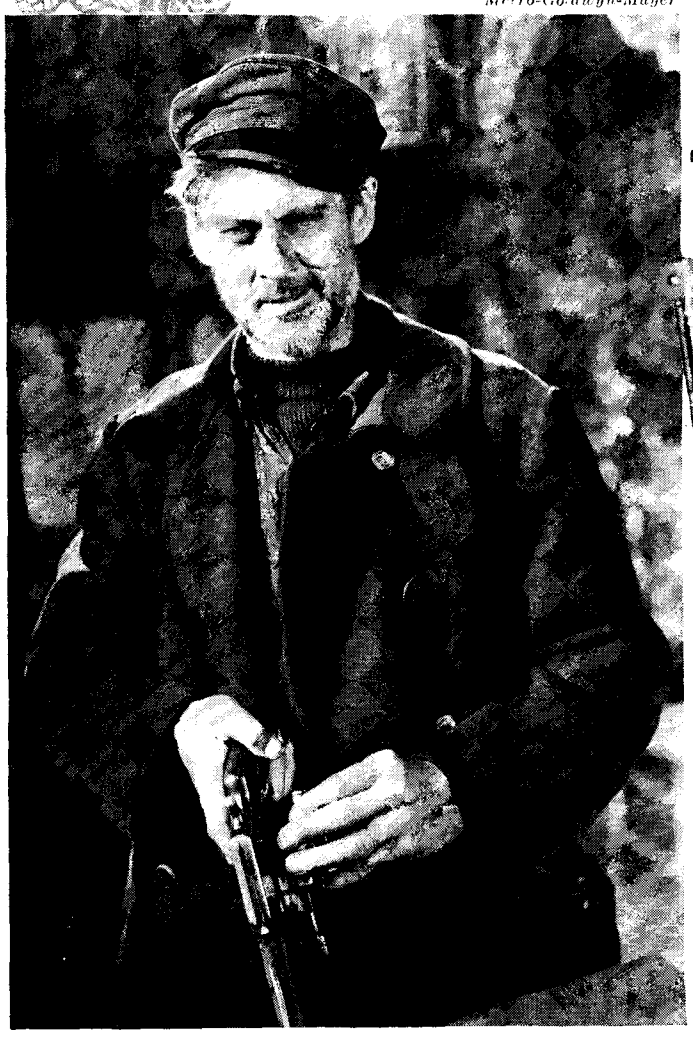
Albert Davis Collection

Albert Davis Collection

Paramount

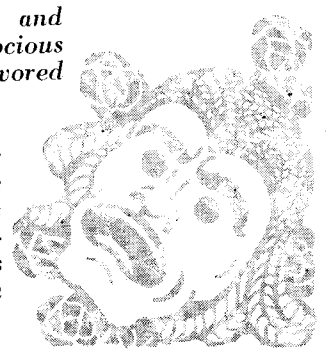
Never hero so deliciously thrilling as Kyrle Bellew, who, with flashing eye and ringing phrase, championed the cause of Virtue. And what did he get for it? Now Virtue's glance falls admiringly (if no longer shyly) on such beefy Romeos as Wallace Beery, the gob. Well, fine speeches doubtless have their place but a lad who can massage the boards comes in mighty handy too

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Albert Davis Collection

"Now then, me lads. For King, for Country and for—" The unferocious gent is the much-favored Otis Skinner in "The Recruiting Officer." But nowadays the rustle of matinée candy-box wrappers is stilled only in tribute to such lads as Lionel Barrymore in "The Barrier"



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Hardboiled Hero

Paramount

Albert Davis Collection

At the height of his matinée idolship John Drew was a stirring figure as Demetrius. Facing the popular Emil Jannings, he has all the impressiveness of a hand car on the tracks in front of the 20th Century Limited

Davis Collection

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Many the hearts that skipped beats in tribute to E. A. Sothern (left). Not so many (alas—if that's the way you feel about it) as become unruly under the spell of Lon Chaney. It's only another indication of this low age that hair-trimming such as Sothern's would be irreverently received today

Davis Collection

Paramount

And now they like 'em scowling and ferocious. Contrast the grim Erich von Stroheim—beloved by the screen fans because they can hate him so delightfully—with the dainty appeal of Aubrey Boucicault (above) whom once we thought so devastating

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Heaven Will Protect the

By ELMER DAVIS

The Little Woman gets all the breaks, whether she needs them or not

She ran up to the judge, waving a roll of bills. She had flung a fur coat over her scanty stage costume

CAROL'S blue eyes looked up through the screen of black lashes, in wistful reproach.

"You don't take me seriously, Victor. But some day you will."

"Take you seriously?" Strawbridge fumed. How could he? For she looked so helpless lounging in the veranda chair, her flowerlike face tranquil, her rose-silk knees demurely shimmering; he wanted to kiss her, and he felt that she ought to be spanked. "I want you to marry me," he growled. "That shows I take you seriously, doesn't it?"

"As a Toy," said Carol. "As a Plaything. Not as a Self-Reliant Woman."

"But why do you have to be self-reliant? If you love me—"

"Of course I love you, darling. But don't you see that's just why I can't marry you now? You're a big man, in business and politics—"

"But why does that make me ineligible?"

"It makes me ineligible," she pointed out. "I'm an orphan and just out of school, and I haven't any money. If you were twenty-one and broke, I'd jump for you; but you're thirty-seven and rich. You've made your career; I must make mine. I will not be a parasite wife."

"Work after you're married? That wouldn't go, here in Edgewood."

"No, I'd expect to give up my career when I marry, in simple fairness to my husband. But it wouldn't be fair to marry you till I had a career to give up for you. So you'd know I really wanted you, don't you see?"

"Now look here!" Strawbridge rumbled. "This sort of thing is all right for some women. But you couldn't make a career. You're too—too delicate—too fragile—too innocently trustful—"

"Oh! So I need a big He-Man to take care of me? A conquering Male?"

"Yes, you do. Making a career is work. Ask me—I've done it. And when you talk about wanting to go to New York and be an actress— If you're bound to work, try some smaller town where you have friends. Like this one."

"Here? Where everybody knows me as Constance Lindley's guest? Why, if I went to work here it would be slapping the Lindleys in the face!"

Here on the Lindleys' veranda, looking out over their spacious lawn, he could see she was right. . . . She had no right to be right so often.

"But not New York," he persisted. "That's a hell hole." (His most vivid memory of New York was the three sultry, sticky weeks he had spent in Madison Square Garden, voting for McAdoo while the galleries howled for Al Smith.) "They'd eat you alive, in that town."

"But I have such wonderful letters of introduction—"

"Anybody can get letters of introduction. Oh, yes. I know what your letters say—and what they mean. I've written letters like that myself."

"I don't care," said Carol. "I believe you get out of life just what you give it. The trouble with you, Victor, is that you lack Faith."

"Faith in what? A—a Heaven that protects the working girl? I certainly do. Let me protect you."

"I will not! . . . I meant you haven't any faith in me."

"Faith in you? Certainly not. I know you, and I know New York. You're pretty and innocent and poor; and there's something about the way you look—"

"That makes you want to protect me? Thank you."

"It would make any man want to protect you," said Strawbridge darkly. "And the men you'll meet in the show business—men who have no respect for Womanhood—"

"Men always have to respect a girl who respects herself."

"You poor innocent! . . . Promise me this, Carol. If you get into trouble, send for me to come and get you out."

"I certainly will not! Besides, I won't get into trouble."

"Trying to beat New York with no *money, no experience, no brains*— Here, here! Carol! I didn't mean— What I meant was—"

But it was too late for what he meant to make any difference; they had words, and she had more words than he had. Finally he got into the bright blue roadster which she had sworn she would never get into again, and drove away with her last cry ringing in his ears, "I'll show you!"

Next day he came back, of course; but she had gone, and the Lindleys, who had expected her to stay for Constance's wedding, treated him rather frigidly. He wrote to her New York address, rather wildly, but she never answered; and he knew better than to go after her. . . . At least not yet.

Meanwhile he went back to work—work that was overshadowed by gloomy pictures of her blue eyes looking up wistfully at men in New York who would want to protect her. She was a toothsome morsel for the ravenous maw of Manhattan; it never occurred to him that she might prove indigestible.

MR. EZEKIEL FOSTER, the celebrated novelist, sat frowning in the parlor of his hotel suite. It was a smart theatrical hotel, between Times Square and the Avenue, and one reason he frowned was that he could hardly afford it. He had been celebrated for twenty years but he had never made a great deal of money; he made still less now.

The root of the trouble was clear enough—he knew nothing about women. When he began being a novelist it had not been necessary to know about women; one could write profitably about he-men and their exploits, with a perfunctory woman flung into the he-man's arms in the final chapter. But tastes had changed. The he-man had become an object of derision; novels that made money now were apt to be about women—and such women! Not the fragile creatures who looked up trustfully into the eyes of Mr. Foster's he-men, but intricate, perplexing women. . . . Women like Alida Kendall.

Some time ago Mr. Foster had perceived that though he didn't really care about women he must begin to get around and see what they were like if he expected to go on supporting himself in the style to which he was accustomed. Unhappily the first one he selected for study was Mrs. Kendall, and not yet had he got on to another, for she led him a dog's life, snapping the leash off and on at her convenience. He surmised from what he had read in other men's novels that her procedure might mean that she intended to marry him when she got around to it; but it might just as well mean that he could buy her dinners and theatre tickets till she chose to marry somebody else. Lately he had resolved to discipline her, but he knew of no way to do it but by staying away from her, and that was uncomfortable.

Meanwhile there was this Miss—he looked at the card again—Miss Carol Tappan, waiting in the lounge. She had sent up a formal introduction from an old friend of his whose daughter she

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Working Girl

His eyes were on a girl who had burst in at the door

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

had known in school, but it was a phrase from the old friend's private letter that floated in his mind: "Hear she's engaged to a millionaire in Edgewood—probably wants to play around in New York a few months before she settles down." Well—

Mr. Foster went down to see her—warily, because she was a woman—but it reassured him immensely to find her such a womanly woman: engagingly helpless, with pathetic determination and a wistful trust. Not at all like Mrs. Kendall. Indeed, as they chatted in the lounge, her rose-silk knees shimmering, her blue eyes looking up through black lashes, it occurred to him that she looked like the heroine of a novel by Ezekiel Foster. In the warmth of reassurance that there actually were such women as he had been writing about for twenty years, he asked her to stay to lunch.

"You can't do much in the theatre without experience," he warned her. "You'd have to wait, and if you have no money—" It was lucky, he mused, that the millionaire was waiting back in Edgewood.

"I'd been wondering," she confessed, "if I'm good-looking enough to get into one of the revues—just for a beginning, of course."

"My dear! Not the revues. A girl like you would be simply crushed."

"I'm willing to work," said Carol. "I thought perhaps I might get into newspaper work till I could find something in the theatre—"

Mr. Foster smiled paternally at the idea of this fragile creature in the grind of reporting. (Delightful to be paternal to a woman, after the humiliating exigencies of Mrs. Kendall.)

"Not for a girl like you," he pronounced. "But I wonder— Do you ever read Sophistica—the magazine?"

"Not very often—it costs fifty cents. But of course I know it."

"Henry Harlow, the editor, is an old friend of mine. Sometimes he has jobs for presentable young women. I'll give you a note to Henry."

She didn't know that it was the obligatory lift which every New Yorker on his feet must offer the newcomer struggling for footing; she thanked him with tremulous gratitude, and he went back to his suite, groping for the first shadowy outlines of a story, a new-old story, in which a girl with liquid blue eyes and shimmering rose knees looked up wistfully at a strong, trustworthy he-man.

HENRY HARLOW smiled paternally across his desk at a girl whose blue eyes were alight with expectant confidence.

"So Zeke Foster thinks you could hold down a job on Sophistica? I suppose he knows you pretty well, eh? What you can do, and so on?"

"Oh, yes, indeed." Nobody must think her letters of introduction were perfunctory.

"Old friend of the family, I suppose?" Carol flushed.

"Not exactly that. . . . But he's been very—kind to me."

"Ah!" Mr. Harlow's eyes returned to her shimmering knees, and his thoughts to the private note from Foster that had come in the morning's mail: "I'm sending you a little girl named Carol Tappan—it would be a favor if you could give her something—she'll only need it for a few months, if that makes it easier."

"Well!" he said. "Zeke and I were reporters together on the old Sun—but of course you know that. Don't see much of him any more, but I'd do anything in reason for a friend of his. Can't give you much of a job, I'm afraid—just odds and ends. But if you'd care to try it—"

"I'd love it," said Carol fervently. That night she wrote to Constance Lindley, just off on a round-the-world honeymoon, that everyone in New York was so wonderfully kind.

Harlow was chatting with Sedlitz, the dramatic critic, when Roden, the art editor, strolled in.

"Who's the blue-eyed doll with the pretty knees that's helping out in the fashions?" he demanded.

"Ask Zeke Foster," Harlow suggested. "He sent her down here, and she tells me they're very, very dear friends."

ALIDA KENDALL flung her armful of sketches on the art editor's desk, "There they are, darling." (She called everybody darling except the people she really cared for.) "My heart's blood has gone into them."

"You do look rather draggy," Roden observed. She knew it; the sketches had meant a fortnight's hard work, all the harder because in that time she hadn't heard from Ezekiel Foster. Almost she was ready to sink her pride and call him.

"I'm thirty-five," she confessed with a simple candor which, she hoped, veiled the fact that she was forty. "Ah, to be a child again—like that engaging helpless creature I've been talking to in the next room. Tappan—is that the name? Carol Tappan? Where'd you pick her up?"

"Ah!" Roden chuckled. "She seems to be a protégée of Zeke Foster."

"Zeke Foster?" said Alida carelessly. (He couldn't know! She and Zeke had instinctively hidden their friendship from their friends, as something precious.) "I didn't know he was interested in women."

"The later they start the harder they fall, my dear. And you see what they fall for—pretty knees and the trustful stare."

"December and May," said Alida with a shrug. (Zeke was only forty-four; but, really!) "Has she anything else?"

"Oh, she tries," Roden conceded. "But they've shoved her around from one job to another and haven't found one yet where she fits. However, I suppose Zeke is educating her, so it doesn't matter."

"More likely she's educating him," said Mrs. Kendall. "But, as you say, it doesn't matter."

All the way back to her apartment she kept telling herself that it didn't matter. . . . Zeke was funny, but he was really an old dear; no open-faced chit of twenty could appreciate him. If only she'd decided to be nice to him two weeks sooner! Even yet, if she called him up—

Mrs. Kendall looked into her mirror. Wise, tolerant gray-green eyes that couldn't possibly manage a helpless stare; a face that no expert could restore to the springlike freshness that was Carol Tappan's. She decided not to call him up; one had one's pride, if nothing else. Nothing else.

Carol loved her job—all the successive jobs to which she was shifted, in what seemed to be the routine of learning the business. The schoolgirl dream of getting into a revue had faded; now her ambition sought nothing higher, could conceive nothing higher, than to be one of the staff writers whose articles regularly appeared in Sophistica. It was fascinating work, and they were all charming people—just the sort of people she had always hoped she would know in New York. Some of the young men in the office had asked her out to dinner, the theatre, even a party or two; but at first she had been so desperately concentrated on making good that she had put them off; and if thereafter they asked her no more, she didn't care. For they seemed so immature, after Victor.

Most wonderful of all the people on Sophistica was Mr. Sedlitz, the dramatic critic. She wasn't sure he took her seriously; but some day he would.

The other girls in the office were afraid of him; even the older women were afraid of his wife, that grande dame of Park Avenue who dashed in once or twice a month with her booming bell-like voice, her regal smile that made you feel so small and insignificant. She was said to be fiercely jealous (the money was hers) and to have had plentiful reason. But he had always been fatherly and sweet to Carol; which was one more proof that men always respect a girl who respects herself.

"VELMA SUCHARD landed this morning," Harlow told Sedlitz. "Come over for that new revue of Bamberg's, hasn't she? We'll have to hustle to get an interview into this number. Can you see her today?"

"I can't see her at all. . . . Hymie—Bamberg's press agent and general yes man—will fix up an interview; and I'll sign it."

"That won't do. We've got to have the personal touch. She's had her nose reconstructed—we'll need a first-hand report on that."

"Not from me." Sedlitz was firm. "I—well, I used to know her in Paris. No use raking up the embers."

Now Harlow remembered; Mrs. Sedlitz's most notable explosion had been occasioned by her husband's friendship with Madame Suchard.

"Umm!" he muttered. "If it's only a question of looking at her nose, we might— Yes, Miss Verity?"

Miss Verity, the office manager, cold and silvery as the lady on the coins of the United States, was frowning in the doorway.

"I've tried this Tappan woman everywhere," she announced. "She means well, poor creature, but she simply isn't there. What shall I do?"

"Oh, let her stick around," said Harlow charitably. (*Continued on page 50*)

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Roaring Bones

A Jungle Story

The story of a lion hunt in Africa by a royal author who is himself famous as a hunter of big game

THE blinds of the office windows were drawn because the hot, dry season of Africa had begun. Only a slender sunbeam here and there shot into the room, giving a dim light and warning visitors that the air was laden with dust.

On the whitewashed walls hung a few faded photographs of farmhouses and coffee plantations, alternating with some trophies in the form of fantastic kudu horns or the twisted tusks of wart hogs.

On a table in a corner stood a number of glass jars partly filled with samples of local products, various grains, corn, peas, beans and spices. Several maps were also there among the jars and, sharp as a needle, a rhinoceros horn evidently ready to go up on the wall with the other trophies.

This room was the main office of Tolden & Co., a firm which handled real estate and at the same time earned good money by fitting out hunting expeditions. In fact, the expeditions had laid the foundation for the business of the firm. The colony was a regular paradise for bloodthirsty lords and adventurous Americans seeking the tribute that is paid in fashionable salons to men who have hunted game in Africa. Hundreds of expeditions had been organized and fitted out by the Tolden concern, and the richer an adventurer was, the more he had to pay for his party and equipment, unless he happened to have enough experience to dicker over the matter.

Tolden had made money. He had started unpretentiously in a little sheet-iron shed with no floor, but now he lived in the finest stone house in the town and had the best office building on the main street.

On the morning when the long-heralded hunter was expected, Tolden was at his desk, an insignificant-looking little figure, slunk down into his great swivel chair. He was a thin, sharp-featured man of uncertain age. His lips were pale, and his cheeks were sunken. He was baldheaded, and a childish expression lurked in his blue eyes. In the bookcase behind him stood many volumes of account books. On top of the case was a glass jar almost full of curiously shaped little bones, and through the glass one could see that each bone had been carefully numbered.

There was a low knock at the door. A dusky, barefooted servant entered silently and placed a tall glass of milk before his master.

"Listen, Nzibo, tell them out in front that when a man by the name of Pringelman comes he must be shown in immediately."

"Ndio, bwana."

Tolden busied himself with his papers, and the native slipped out as silently as he had come.

This man Pringelman had aroused the curiosity of Tolden. They had been corresponding for weeks regarding the fitting out of an expedition, and the new customer had insisted that no white man should accompany him. Ordinarily the company sent a professional hunter and guide along with the client to help manage the large crew of natives for an expedition. Pringelman, who was apparently some sort of missionary from the southern part of Germany, was coming to study the missionary activities of the colony and also wanted to shoot some lions. He sounded like a queer sort, but he seemed to have plenty of money, and—business was business.

TOLDEN smiled at the letters lying ready on his desk, took a sip from the glass of milk, and turned to a portfolio of correspondence regarding a big real-estate deal with certain British interests. It would net him a tidy sum if it went through. Lost in these prospects, he did not hear the heavy footfalls outside his door, and his attention was not attracted until the door opened and the caller in deep bass tones made some pompous remark to the boy.

There he stood, a tall, broad-beamed man in a brilliant checked sport costume, with dazzling riding boots. He had eyes like those of a healthy pig. His head sat solidly upon a double chin and several rolls of flesh, which in turn rested on his collar. His red hair had been clipped close to his skull. The man somehow didn't look like a preacher of the gospel.

"My name is Pringelman."

Tolden seemed to shrink beneath the awful sound of that voice. "Won't you sit down?" he ventured to say as he indicated a chair vaguely.

"Thanks. But I prefer to stand. You have received my last letter?"

"A letter arrived last week."

"Good. Then you know who I am. You are Mr. Tolden, I suppose."

Tolden admitted as much.

"Well, sir," blustered Pringelman, expanding his chest until Tolden marveled at the strength of his buttons, "first of all I want you to understand that I adore danger. In fact, I worship danger. I am a fearless man. I hate luxury, and I welcome the most perilous hardships."

TOLDEN eyed his caller with the utmost amazement. He had seen many men in his life, but never one who talked like that when he was sober. He wondered if Pringelman was joking.

"I want it clearly understood," continued the German, "that I have come here on the extremely hazardous adventure of shooting lions. I have been informed that there is no undertaking more worthy of a really brave man. Yes, sir, I want to bag some lions, five or six of them. And you must see that I get fitted out right."

"Pardon me, Mr. Pringelman, I thought you were a missionary. They are usually not so bloodthirsty."

"I have been, sir. But I retired long ago. You will understand that when a man inherits a medieval castle and estate he has more important things to think about. You ought to see the grapes on my mountain sides and the wines in my cellar. Oh, yes, once upon a time I was the chairman in the missionary society of the province. We did good work. We even provided clothes for three hundred children in Kamerun. You see, they had to have pockets to carry their Bibles in."

"Then you've traveled a great deal?"

"Ach, mein Gott, yes! I've been in both Italy and Morocco. Ach, the bazaars! And such women! What wonderful eyes behind those veils! I hunted there too—in the desert, I mean—but no matter how hard we tried we never saw a single lion. That's why I am here, because there I learned to love danger."

"Naturally," said Tolden, blinking his blue eyes.

"Now I want my expedition right away. You arrange it. The only condition I make is that no white man is to go along. I take complete charge. Just give me an interpreter. There is no thrill like that of facing the unknown, of exploring trackless wilds. That is my passion, and I am afraid of nothing. When can I start?"

"In five days everything will be ready. The chief of the department of expeditions has his orders. You may consult with him. But tell me where you are going."

"Himmel! I'll go anywhere, as long as there are plenty of lions. I want to walk where no white man has been before."

When this remarkable man had gone out Tolden called in one of his department heads. "Listen, Patterson," he said. "Get this man Pringelman ready in five days. But we can't be responsible for sending such a perfect ass out alone in control of an expedition. Let the boy Nzibo go along to keep an eye on things. He's had enough experience. Put everything into the outfit that you can think of, and charge the old fool top prices all the way through."

The Pringelman expedition, elaborately equipped with all the gear that

Though the lion turned tail, Pringelman made no effort to catch it: he also turned and ran at incredible speed

Illustrated by KURT WIESE

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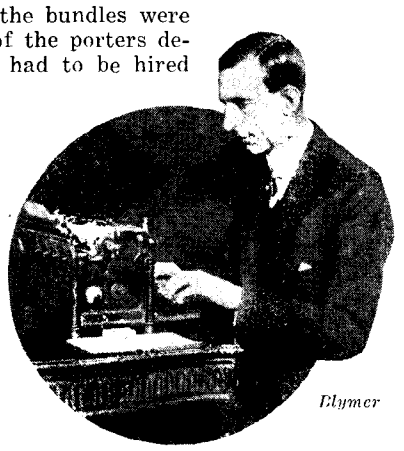
By PRINCE WILLIAM *of Sweden*

boy scouts ever dreamed of, and with innumerable tent men, gun carriers, skinners, cooks and substitutes to step into the places of all who might be devoured by lions, trailed out into the wild, behind their intrepid leader, who never swerved from his path except when some motor car came by. Hour after hour passed without an incident. Then the natives commenced to complain. Their enthusiasm was gone before the end of the first day.

On the second day the bundles were badly picked. Some of the porters deserted, and new ones had to be hired at great cost in the native villages, which were few and far between. There never seemed to be enough food, and it became more and more difficult to find water. Pringelman was equally short of wind and advice.



Elymer

Prince William, 2d son of Gustav V, has more than one bowstring

Had it not been for Nzibo, the peerless leader would soon have been left all alone with the lions and the mosquitoes. But Nzibo had just enough skill and authority to keep the expedition under way.

For four weeks they hunted and hunted. They killed several wart hogs and a few antelopes. They even succeeded in sneaking up on a rhinoceros and gave him a mortal wound before he had time to wake up. But never a lion was seen, and never a lion's roar was heard. Pringelman grew visibly thinner, but his astounding courage in the face of danger suffered no diminution.

AT LEAST, there was no sign of fear until that fateful day when the expedition almost ran over a lion in the low bush. The boys giggled, though they took good care to put the gun carriers between themselves and the animal. The king of beasts had recently dined on a calf or two and, of course, didn't want to be disturbed. He gave one growl of irritation—that was the first moment that Pringelman became aware of his existence—and trotted off bored, but nevertheless shy, into the forest. Though the lion turned tail, Pringelman made no effort to catch it. In fact, he also turned and ran at an incredible speed, as though he had no intention of stopping before he reached southern Germany. The natives roared with glee and for a few moments forgot the boredom of the hunt.

In time Pringelman's fatigue triumphed over his fear, and he retarded his pace. Finally he stopped. He still felt a bit jumpy, and he dared not sit down. But the surroundings looked reasonably safe, and gradually he grew calm. He had had the great adventure. He had been face to face with a lion, or, at least, he must have been face to face with the lion, if only for a moment. He could already hear himself telling the tale among his relatives and admiring friends. And of course he owed it to himself to tell it well. He did not have the lion's skin, to be sure, but that gave him no worry, for he did have money.

And it came to pass that when Pringelman, a few days later, returned to the picturesque little town from which his expedition had started, one of his errands was to call upon a certain merchant who, in return for a proper consideration, turned over to him who had had recent experience as a sprinter the skin of a most ferocious-looking lion. And the merchant, who was an East Indian, received a generous bonus on condition that he keep a secret. But secrets are so hard to keep.

After getting thoroughly rested and cleaned up, Pringelman again visited Tolden & Co., and cast his mighty shadow over the lean, little man in the swivel chair. Tolden sat puffing at a damp pipe that had gone out. A glass of milk stood on the desk. There was a big pile of papers before him, and in a drawer lay a complete report on the Pringelman expedition, which had been taken down in detail from the oral account of Nzibo. But of course the mighty Nimrod knew nothing of this report.

"Well, my friend," Pringelman began with characteristic directness, "here I am to close our business."

Tolden, without the slightest expression of surprise, nodded and indicated a chair. Then he carefully lighted his pipe.

"A glorious hunt, my friend, a glorious hunt! One adventure after another! Great luck! The finest horns and skins and tusks you ever saw! And lions—ah, my friend, that's the sport of sports." Pringelman had never been so expansive, and his round cheeks had never before glowed with such warm contentedness. "Yes, sir, that's what I call real sport. Just suits a man who is afraid of nothing. Well, have you seen that great tawny skin among my trophies?"

"Yes, I have seen it," remarked the little man.

"That was an enormous beast, I can tell you. Almost got both me and the gun carriers, but a man like me keeps cool, of course, and I soon put a stop to his roaring. Great pity, though, that we didn't succeed in getting the mate. She dashed away into the forest, in spite of all her wounds."

Pringelman puffed out his fat chest and cocked his head like a rooster that has just chased the hens into a corner of the yard.

"Lions have interested me for many years," said Tolden quietly. "Won't you go on and tell me some more about your adventure?"

The braggart put both his feet into the trap. He told with great relish and in minute detail how the dangerous beast had been encountered, how he had been wounded, how the last cartridge had stopped the furious charge, and how the animal had fallen dead at the very feet of the hunter. He remarked that he himself had been as cool as a cucumber, while the natives had scampered up the nearest trees in terror, leaving him alone to defend himself; he told how the zest of the adventure had set his nerves a-tingle, like the effect of rare wine, and how, after it was all over, he had nonchalantly lighted a cigarette.

The tale was well told, because the narrator had thought it out in fine detail. His every gesture, his every look had been nicely calculated to heighten the effect. He was, in fact, so convincing that he began to believe that his fiction was the truth and that the actual experience had been only a nightmare.

Pringelman wiped the perspiration from the folds of his neck as he waited for the story to take effect. But the little man did not change his expression. Pringelman, naturally enough, was irritated by this lack of appreciation.

"I take it," he remarked presently, "that you have never had a great experience of that sort."

"Well, you know, it's pretty hard for a business man to get away from his desk," said Tolden apologetically, sipping his milk. "I scarcely ever get out except Saturdays and Sundays."

Pringelman knew what he thought of men who hunted only on Sundays, but he had enough courtesy to guard his comment: "Of course, a man who hasn't been through it can't form any conception of what the experience really means. But—eh—you do shoot occasionally, like all Englishmen, don't you?"

Tolden, still unruffled, cleared away a broad space on his desk, took down the curious glass jar, from the top of the bookcase, and rattled the whole collection of bones out in a pile that threatened to run off the edge of the desk.

"Mr. Pringelman," he said, without taking his eyes off the precious relics, "do you know what these things are?"

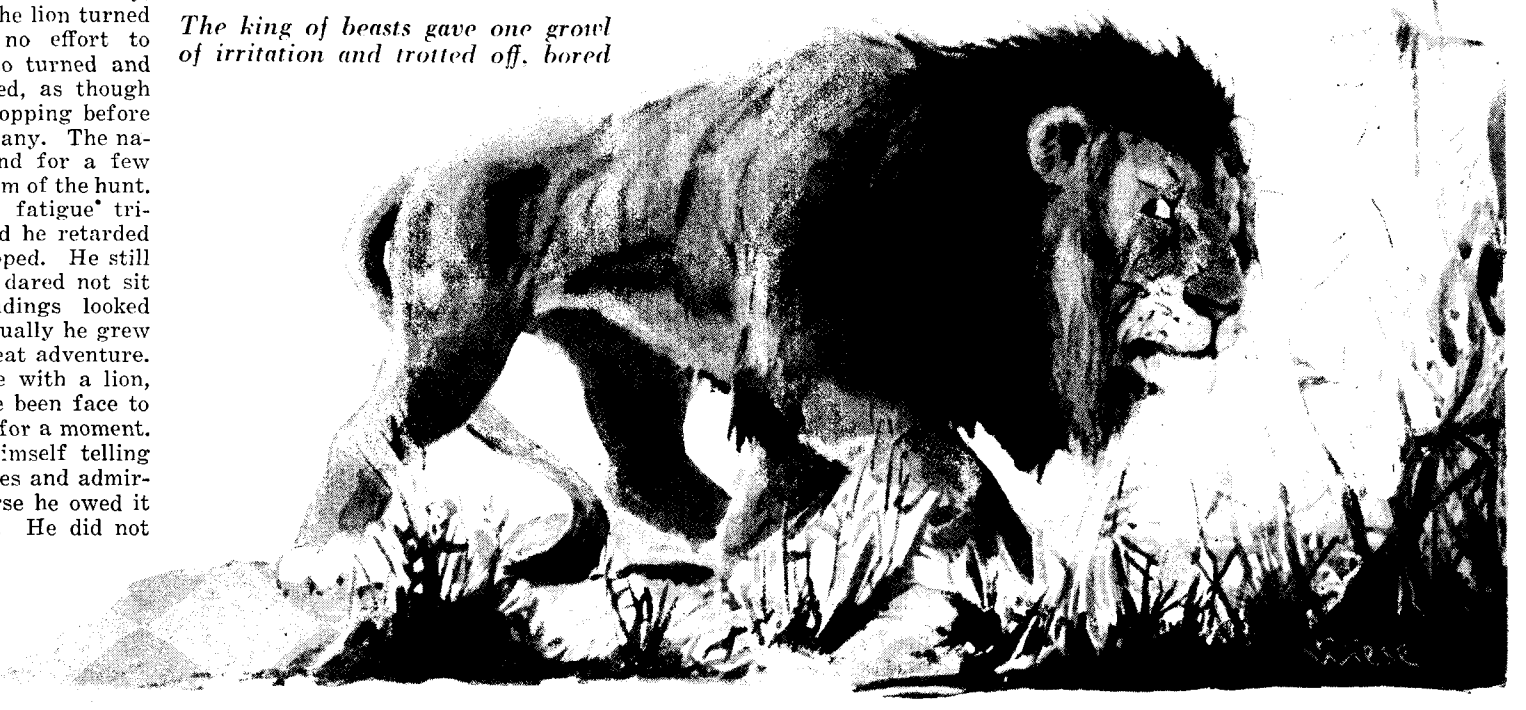
"Ja wohl, little bones," was the answer.

"We call them 'roaring bones,'" said Tolden blandly. "They are rudimentary collar bones, and form a part of the mechanism which it is believed enables the lion to roar. I have been saving them ever since I began shooting lions. You will notice that each pair is carefully numbered. The numbers refer to a journal in which I have entered the important details and circumstances of each of my lucky lion hunts."

THE quiet, insignificant-looking little man began gathering up the roaring bones and dropping them back into the jar. "Last Sunday," he added in a dry voice, void of all expression, "I succeeded in getting my eighty-sixth pair of roaring bones, and I sold the skin of that animal to a certain East Indian merchant here in town. I understand that you have praised it as one of the finest lion skins you have ever seen, and I trust that it will always remind you pleasantly of our acquaintance."

When Tolden looked up again he caught sight of the amused faces of his employees, who doubtless marveled at the burst of speed shown by the great African hunter in making his exit. The little collector of roaring bones smiled faintly, replaced his glass jar and was soon deep in the papers regarding a real-estate deal with British interests.

The king of beasts gave one growl of irritation and trotted off, bored



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Twin Wives

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

The odd decisiveness of the gesture stopped him

The Story Thus Far:

ELEANOR SANVER, heiress, daughter of Tom Sanver, marries Dean Carey and immediately after the ceremony, pretending to go to her room with a severe headache, rushes to Phil Jennings, the man she really loves, who four years before had given up hope of marrying Eleanor because of her father's disapproval. Phil had written Eleanor that he was committing suicide and would be dying when she received his letter.

She finds him on his bed, his wrist slashed, and sends for a doctor. When she starts to leave Phil tells her she can't because she loves him. There enters her mind a vague plan that Cynthia Brown may save her. Cynthia is a chorus girl who by some strange phenomenon looks, talks and acts exactly like Eleanor. And there had sprung up between these two a curious bond closer than kinship.

Eleanor takes a taxi to Cynthia's apartment. With considerable reluctance Cynthia—because she recognizes the peculiar bond between Eleanor and herself—agrees to take Eleanor's place for an hour at the wedding reception. Her likeness to the bride is so remarkable that no one has the least suspicion of her. Half an hour passes and there is no word from Eleanor. Cynthia is growing nervous because Dean wants to start for the home Mr. Sanver has fitted up for them a few blocks away—where they are to go instead of going away on a honeymoon. As Cynthia is wondering what to do she sees Mary, Eleanor's personal maid, beckoning her and she rushes to her and finds that Eleanor is telephoning to say that she cannot come yet. There is nothing for Cynthia to do but go with Dean to their new home. They go over the house together from room to room, and when they reach Dean's study he takes her into his arms and she realizes that she has now not so much him to fear as herself and her own feelings about him.

THE danger in the impossible situation was to be found in her own emotions, not in his. If he was the spark, she was tinder of the most inflammable kind. As though she were two distinct personalities, she reacted to his embrace. One part of her seemed to detach itself from his arms, seemed to view the caressing couple with incredulous disdain.

"You can't do a thing like this," the detached Cynthia seemed to say. "He's another woman's husband. In a few minutes you'll be gone, and you'll never be able to see him again. And you won't want to see him, because he's nothing at all to you."

But the Cynthia crushed against Dean was unaware of, or at least was unheeding of, the saner self that offered advice.

CURIOUSLY, though she was of the petting generation, she had never kissed a man before. Boys had snatched kisses from her, but since she had left Ohio no man had been intimate enough with her to attempt emulation of her juvenile escorts. And even those boys of what seemed so long ago had usually shamefacedly desisted after one abortive attempt.

Not that she had any Victorian ideas on the subject of kissing. She knew that other girls of her age indulged in rather promiscuous flirtation, and the knowledge was in nowise shocking to her. If girls found fun in that sort of thing, it was all very well as far as Cynthia was concerned. And she had never turned away from any personable youth with that oversexed horror which used to pass for outraged virtue. She merely had felt a proper pride in the gifts she might be able to offer and did not intend to scatter them cheaply around. Also, no man had ever stirred her.

But now she was stirred, shaken to depths that she had not realized existed within her. Not merely her lips responded to Carey's kiss, but her very spirit seemed to blend with his.

Even as her conscience chided her, she clung closer to him. What did it all matter, anyway? She'd never see this man again after today; that other self which scolded her spoke truly here. But when that other self said that she would not *want* to see him again, that other self lied.

Want to see him again? The rest of her life would be spent in wishing for him, in imagining this kiss and in revitalizing it with the anæmic substance of memory. And it was not a physical thing, this sudden passion with which his kiss had endowed her. Or what if it was? The physical, after all, is the key that unlocks the spirit.

What did anything matter except the moment? The strangest concatenation of circumstances that could possibly be imagined had brought her into this man's arms. Why should she rebel against the culmination of the chain of events? She was doing no harm to Dean. This moment might prove to be the only happy one of his marriage. If she was harming herself, then she would suffer the later consequences. As for Eleanor, that girl should have foreseen that Dean's impetuosity would not always be held in leash.

BUT the thought of Eleanor made her avert her face, break his clasp and release herself. After all, vulgar though Eleanor's mirthful anticipation of something like this had been, she had not thought it probable, else her voice had not been tinged with humor. Nor did the fact that Eleanor was in the very act of perpetrating a great disloyalty to Dean do anything toward minimizing the baseness of what Cynthia was doing.

For it was base. There could be no argument against this summing up of her actions. The fact that Dean might never know that his first marital kiss had not been given to his wife made no difference in the wrong that Cynthia was doing.

But now, flushed and trembling, Cynthia began to comprehend the driving force that had animated Eleanor's madness. Love in Cynthia's understanding had been a vague sort of thing. She had wasted little time in consideration of it. She knew that she was pretty, knew that she was attractive to men, but men had never attracted her. She liked their companionship, found them useful and entertaining, but had never seen one whom she particularly cared to see the second time.

But now, just released from Dean's clasp, she knew all about love. All that was worth knowing, anyway, she thought. Enough, surely, to make her understand why Eleanor had gone to such unbelievable lengths today. For she knew that she, Cynthia, would have done the same thing under the same circumstances!

Honor? What was that? Loyalty? Of what value was this? Duty and devotion were things to teach children, but which had no real part in the activities of living. The only important thing was love. Yet, as she came to this age-old conclusion, mirth crinkled her eyes and curled the corners of her mouth. What a potent thing an illicit kiss was that should knock down all the moral barriers.

Only it didn't! Not in her case. Surprise—though Heaven knew she shouldn't have been surprised that a

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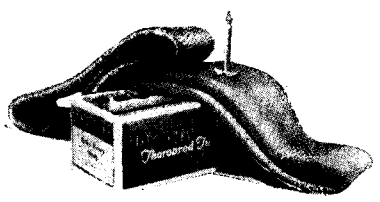
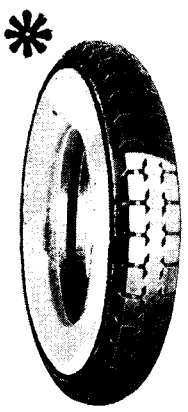
Dayton Thorobred Extra-heavy Tubes. Grey—of finest rubber. Red—of purest antimony. Steam-welded and reinforced at valve base. They ***will*** *hold air.*



Go *farther* - go SAFER - go *faster* on the unsurpassed Dayton *STABILIZED* Balloon



MEASURED by miles—happy miles, comfortable miles, trouble-free miles—the sensational Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon is the tire value supreme! Experienced motorists proclaim it a noteworthy companion to *the pioneer low air pressure tire*—the Dayton Thorobred Cord.

Stabilized construction was developed exclusively by Dayton engineers. It combines every tire advantage—long life, easy steering, smooth riding, and utmost safety. Stabilizing bands of friction rubber draw center of tread parallel to center of rim thus preventing "shimmying." Flat, center-traction tread has complete four-point road contact. Quick-grip, quick-release non-skid gives lightning "get-away"—no slipping or sliding. All rubber used is specially tempered by an *exclusive* Dayton process and will survive the drubbing punishment of extra thousands of miles of ruts and roads.

Ask any user what he thinks about the Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon. Learn at first hand how they enable you to go faster, go safer, go farther, and go cheaper. Examine one at the Dayton dealer near you before you buy any tire.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO., Dayton, Ohio

Dayton* STABILIZED BALLOONS

* ON WHEELS OF LARGE DIAMETER—install Dayton Thorobred Cords—superlative tire values that shatter all mileage records. The Dayton Thorobred is *the pioneer low air pressure cord*—the first to combine comfort with safety and endurance.

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husband should want to kiss his bride—had unbalanced the barriers, but the weights of decency were already tipping them back into position. Now, because she knew that they could be pushed over, she would be on her guard. She might have to exist on the memory of this one kiss until spiritual starvation set in, but the occurrence would have no repetition.

Queerly, as she made the resolution, she thought of her logic which had made her believe that Phil Jennings would not be deceived by an imitation Eleanor. She wondered how true her reasoning had really been. She had thought that the reason she would be able to deceive Dean lay in the fact that Eleanor did not love her husband. Perhaps she had been all wrong. Perhaps Dean has accepted Cynthia so unquestioningly because she, Cynthia, did love him.

But she hadn't loved Dean until he kissed her! But how did she know she hadn't? Perhaps we love before we ever see the object of our passion. The blade of grass that reaches vainly toward the sun had one definite purpose while yet it lay beneath the earth. Seeking the light, who shall say that it did not love the light before ever it was aware that light existed? These and a thousand other chaotic thoughts tumbled through her consciousness, as, finally free from his groping arms, she managed to face him.

Something gentle about him too, she told herself. Didn't grab and maul and muss and fuss. He could love, this man, like an artist.

SUDDEN jealousy mingled with her tumbling thoughts. The passion, the gentleness, the restraint, the chivalry—all these were not for her but for another. The very light in his eyes as he looked upon her now, the flush on his face, his heavy breathing, were for another substance of which she was but the shadow. A thought separated itself from all the others: Eleanor didn't want this man. Eleanor's marriage to this man must turn out tragically. For Dean Carey would look upon unhappiness in marriage as nothing less than tragedy.

In response to some intangible obligation Cynthia had entered upon this masquerade. Some spiritual bond had allied her with Eleanor. But something stronger than her ties with Eleanor had leaped into her life. She knew inevitably that she loved Dean. And it wasn't true that she was the shadow of which Eleanor was the substance. She could take this man away from Eleanor. No matter how greatly he had deemed himself in love with Tom Sanver's daughter, he now was in love with the girl who stood before him. This she knew and, knowing, she swayed toward him.

He had released her in response to an unuttered appeal. But now at this sign of reyielding, he reached for her again. But she knew that if she yielded now, a second time, there would be no retreat possible. For she had had time to think, and if she kissed him now it would be because she wanted to kiss more than she wanted to be decent. In the fraction of a second that elapsed while his hands were still groping for her, she banished madness. At least she thought she did. But possibly the decencies of a lifetime rallied to her aid; maybe all the great decisions which we think instantaneous are but the culmination of habits of thought.

The odd decisiveness of her gesture stopped him. Smilingly, unhurt, he looked at her.

"You put out your hands to bar me, but upon one finger I see my ring," he laughed.

"Which means what?" she asked.

"Why, it means that there's a traitor in your camp. The hand that fends me off belongs to me, and so it can't be loyal to you."

"Nevertheless the hand is pretending loyalty and bids you keep your distance." The words seemed trite, as though copied from the utterance of some heroine of an old-time melodrama.

But he was in no mood to weigh the nuance of words or tones. His gray eyes were shining, not with the passion of a moment ago, but with a great contentment. She knew, with that acuteness which women possess, that all of their conversation would be but a blurred memory to him in another day: women can remember every slightest action that precedes surrender, but men treasure only the surrender.

"But you have other traitors in your camp," he told her. "Your eyes and your lips."

His voice held a proudly triumphant ring.

"Traitors may be false to both sides," she reminded him.

He shook his head. "But I can't be deceived by false reports any longer. I know something now."

She fought for a gayety that, though spurious, might avail.

"And what is this great knowledge that has suddenly descended upon you?" she mocked him.

"You love me," he told her simply.

"Sure of that?"

Again he nodded. "I wasn't sure—in fact, I was very sure that you didn't. But what I told you has come true, hasn't it?"

"You've told me so many things," she evaded.

"That as soon as we married you'd know you loved me," he explained.

She made a little moue. "All men are so sure of that, aren't they?"

"But I wasn't sure. I merely hoped, and simply said to you that my wish was so great that I felt it would come true. And it has, hasn't it?"

Again the ground beneath her feet quaked.

"You seem certain."

"But I want to hear you say so," he insisted.

"Are words important?" she demanded.

"They can be very sweet, and sweetness is important. Isn't it?"

"It might be," she admitted.

"You know it is. Don't you like to hear me tell you that I love you?"

"I haven't heard you," she retorted.

He laughed at her. "You know that I've said nothing else for months."

"But that was before—" She stopped short in confusion.

"Before a moment ago? You mean, before you'd found out that you loved me? My telling you that I love you has become more important in the last five minutes?"

"Why should it?" she asked.

"When you didn't love me it couldn't be important that I loved you."

"Important enough for me to marry you, wasn't it?" she countered.

"But not nearly so important as now, when you care for me," he answered.

"You know a lot about love and its reactions, don't you?" she jeered.

"I'm beginning to learn," he smiled.

"And the pupil enjoys his lessons?" For the life of her she could not keep from coquetry.

"The home work isn't arduous," he told her.

HE HAD sophistication. She wondered how Eleanor could ever have dared to think of marrying this man and withholding from him her love. For Dean could follow emotion with gayety, and such sophistication is not easy to deceive.

Suddenly his manner grew brusque, with that air of command which lovers like to assume.

"Come on, tell me that you love me," he ordered.

"Who gives everything today can give nothing tomorrow," she stated.

"A woman like you couldn't give everything in a thousand years," he said.

"Would you want anything that I had to give after the first hundred?"

"I shall want you to keep on giving a million years from now," he assured her.

"I wonder where we'll be then?" she idly asked.

"Together," he said.

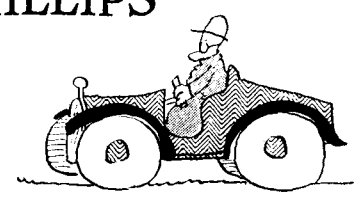
"And you won't get tired of me?"

"Love never tires."

"I wonder (*Continued on page 46*)

McGoofey's FIRST *Reader*

By H. I. PHILLIPS



WHO is this? *This is Edgar.*

Where is Edgar going? *He thinks he is going to keep a business appointment.*

But is he? *We'll come to that later.*

Lesson II

In the last picture Edgar was driving west.

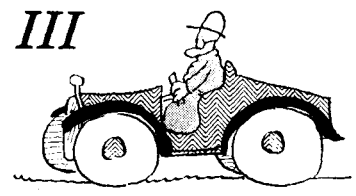
He is now driving east.

What does Edgar intend to do next? *Edgar intends to drive south.*

And then what? *He will drive north.*

What is the big idea? *Edgar is trying to find a parking space.*

Lesson III



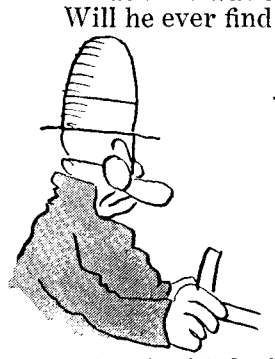
Who is this? *This is Edgar again.*

What is he doing now? *Still driving around trying to find a space big enough to park the old boiler.*

What time is it now? *It is now 3 P. M.*

What time was it when he began looking? *10 A. M.*

Will he ever find a parking space? *It looks dubious.*



Lesson IV

It is getting very late.

Edgar is very depressed and discouraged.

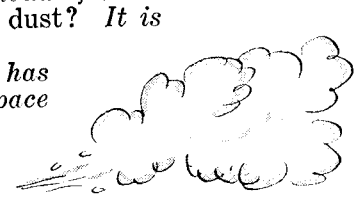
He is about ready to give up.

Lesson V

What is this? *This is a cloud of dust.*

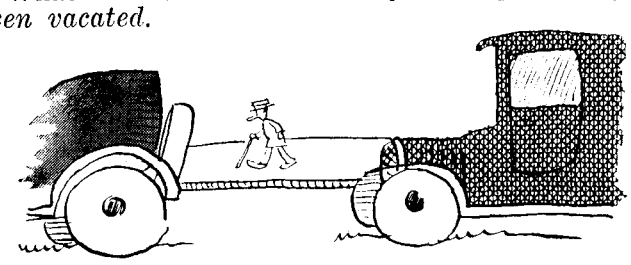
What makes the cloud of dust? *It is from Edgar's car.*

What's happened? *Edgar has seen a fellow drive out of a space two blocks down the street near the First National Bank Building and is making one swift dash for it.*



Lesson VI

What is this? *This is the space Edgar has just seen vacated.*



Will Edgar get his car into it? *Not a chance.*

Why not? *A fellow in a delivery truck, who hasn't been looking for a place more than five minutes, will see it first and get in ahead of him.*

Does it often happen this way? *It never fails.*

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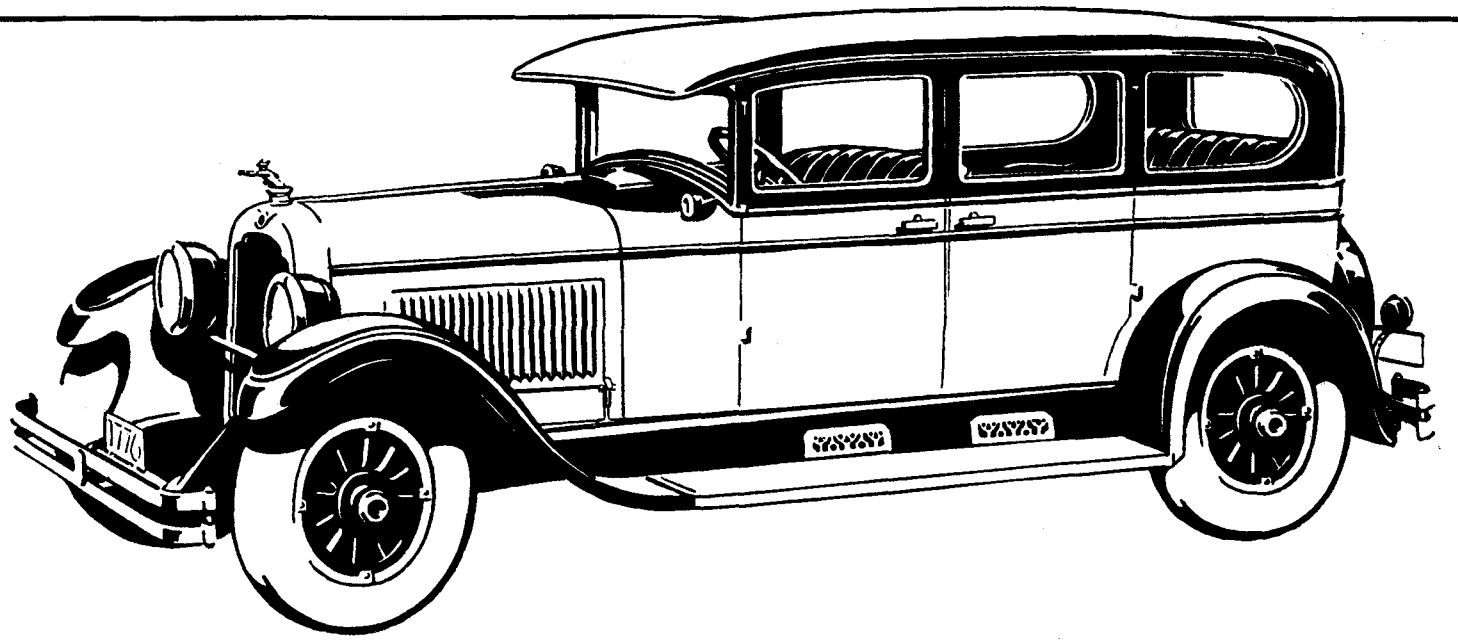
The FLYING CLOUD



She makes old PASSENGER cars cheaper — and many new ones dear at any price

She is a PLEASURE CAR

REO
FLYING CLOUD

SEDAN VICTORIA
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FOR many years automobiles in America—and even more abroad—have been *Passenger* cars.

The Flying Cloud is a PLEASURE car.

She makes riding, driving, and owning her a PLEASURE.

When women and men desire a new thing far, far more than that which has gone before, the out-of-date is undesirable—and dear at any price.

Women and men thus desire The Flying Cloud.

That is why old passenger cars have been made cheaper by The Flying Cloud.

Compared to her, even the NEW passenger cars seem dear at any price to many.

The Flying Cloud is *not* a passenger car.

She is a PLEASURE car—a pleasure to see, a pleasure to ride in, a pleasure to drive, a pleasure to own.

She is the finest, fastest model of America's longest lasting car.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO ~ NOT ONE

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By BRUCE BARTON

The race has not learned to function intelligently: has not even begun to conquer war

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

The CHURCH Nobody Knows

WHEN we survey the religious situation in the United States today, the Protestant Church presents a confused and baffling picture. In some suburban communities, as well as in certain towns and smaller cities, it is perhaps stronger than it ever was; in larger cities congregations dwindle steadily, and in country towns no new generation of worshipers is being raised up to fill the pews which the gray-haired soon will vacate.

All the theological seminaries complain of the lack of strong candidates for the ministry. Budgets are raised with difficulty. Councils are held, and divide over doctrinal differences. There is tumult and shouting, but no growth in power. And a very large number of the best men and women in the land—a total of several millions probably, who were raised in the church and still retain formal membership—neither attend its services nor participate in its activities. Many are critical; most are merely indifferent.

Even the most loyal defenders will hardly claim that the church is doing more than holding its own. Pessimists study its statistics and plot its curves and say that it is doomed.

Business Can Teach the Church

THE business in which I am engaged is called upon frequently to survey the markets of manufacturers, discover obstacles and help in the formation of sound policies on which progress may be based. Can the same sort of thinking contribute anything to the solution of the church's problem?

The church, through the ages, has tended to have an unsympathetic attitude toward business. That attitude arose from a misapprehension.

Christianity was launched as a short-time proposition. Its first preachers were men who believed that the world was coming very promptly to an end, that it would be liquidated by God as a failure within their own lifetime. For this belief they had, as they supposed, the highest authority; namely, the words of Jesus Himself, who promised that "There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom."

The man who stayed with his work under such conditions, neglecting his preparations for eternity, was obviously a fool.

What appears in these pages is heresy of the first order. It will run contrary to the orthodox convictions and prejudices of all sorts of people. Yet I hope it will stimulate honest thinking, even audacious thinking; the situation demands it.

—BRUCE BARTON—

Those first Christians grew old and died like other men, and the hope of a quick millennium flickered but it did not go out. At frequent intervals it burst into flame again, and as the year 1000 drew near all Europe was swept by the conviction that the end was at hand. Men hurried to sell their businesses and turn the proceeds over to the church. Women neglected their children for the more pressing duties of salvation; normal life was almost paralyzed by the eager rush for Heaven.

There are still certain Christians who regard the Second Coming of Christ as imminent. Most of us have a different point of view. We see the human race, not old and nearing its end, but new, so new that it has not yet learned to function intelligently. It has hardly conquered famine; it has not even begun to conquer war. That God should summarily wind it up when it has solved none of its problems, achieved no conceivable objective, would be a sad confession either that He had no definite purpose in beginning it or that the purpose has failed completely.

The millennium is a long way off. Most Christians now believe that. But the attitude of the early Christians toward business reflected itself down through the ages and still influences the point of view of a majority of sermons.

Business is a necessary function, the sermons grudgingly admit; the race must be fed and clothed and housed. But the processes of business are selfish, and the only objective money gain. On Sunday men must go to church to be spiritually cleansed and disinfected in order that they may go back again into the germ-laden air of their work.

Was this the attitude of Jesus? Not as I understand it. He drew no line between service and religious service. To Him all honest work was worship, all days Sabbaths, and all houses temples. He spent far more time in market places than in synagogues. He picked his disciples from the ranks of business. He denounced greed. But He made it perfectly clear that a man's first obligation is to provide for his own and for those less fortunate than himself, and that this is holy work.

The salvation of the modern world depends upon the mutual understanding, and reaction upon each other, of business and the church. Unless business discovers and holds steadily before its eye a spiritual ideal, unless the church learns some of the lessons that business has been forced to learn in the keenly competitive conditions under which it must exist, neither will measure up to its new opportunities.

What are some of the lessons which the church could learn from business? I present five concrete suggestions:

1. In one important respect the church can learn honesty from business.

Among my friends are members of

1000 A. D. approached, with all Europe convinced that the end was at hand

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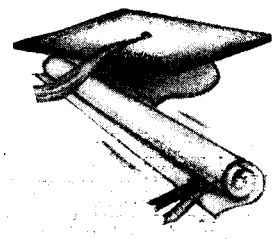


For Graduation give an Accurate Watch

There is one gift of which every graduate is inevitably and most justly proud—a handsome watch. It has beauty, it has elegance, it has lasting value. But a gift-watch must have two further qualities—accuracy and dependability. These two virtues are distinguishing characteristics of the Hamilton.

IN a fine watch, accuracy is indeed the prime requisite; it is the supreme achievement that crowns the watchmaker's art. It is the outstanding quality of the Hamilton—the quality which has won for it the name, "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy."

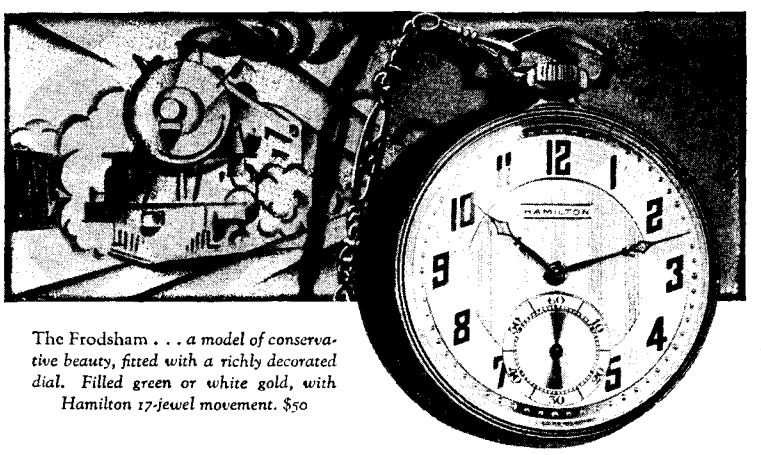
It is, in fact, so accurate that it is the choice of the men who run America's fastest trains. There, accuracy is an essential.

The Hamilton has an inherent dependability, too, that justly sets it apart. Though year after year passes it still gives steady, reliable service. If you could see the Hamilton in the making you would realize why this is so. Each part is fashioned to the minutest precision. There is exactitude and perfection of finish — there are weeks of skilful and patient testing.

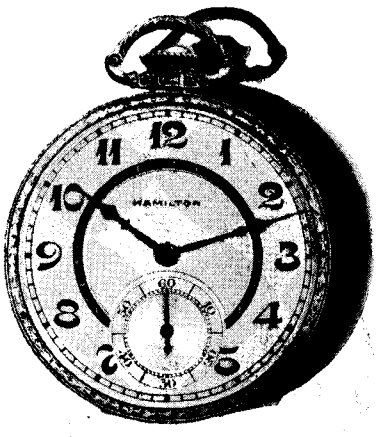
Almost a year is required to make a Hamilton.

Though Hamiltons range in price from $48 to $685, there is a fine variety of styles around $50 that are widely popular for graduation gifts. Ask your jeweler to show you these new models.

May we not send you our two informative booklets, "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch"? Address Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.



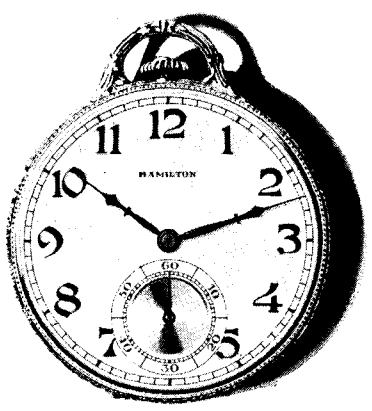
The Frodsham . . . *a model of conservative beauty, fitted with a richly decorated dial. Filled green or white gold, with Hamilton 17-jewel movement. $50*



The Buchanan model. *Fashioned of green or white filled gold, chased in a beautiful design. Fitted with Hamilton 17-jewel movement. $50*

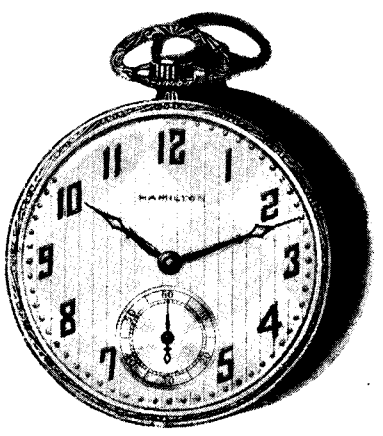
The Hamilton strap watch *for men and women is a phenomenal timepiece. In cases of filled or 14k green or white gold — for men, $50 to $88; for women, $48 to $60*

HAMILTON offers a splendid selection of 17-jewel thin models in cases of white or green filled gold, plain or chased. The prices average from $48 to $57, with a particularly attractive group at $50

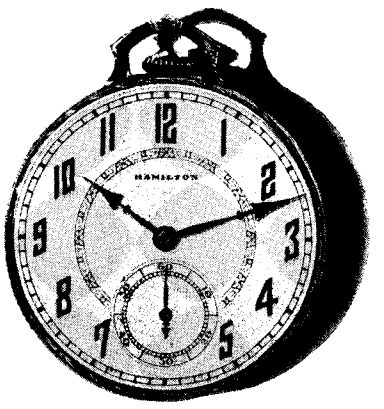


The Hawthorne model. *Fashioned of 14k green or white gold, exquisitely engraved. 17-jewel adjusted movement. $100*

The Hamilton Masterpiece . . . *An aristocratic model of 18k white or green gold. Hand carved. The raised numerals on the dial are 18k gold. 23-jewel Masterpiece movement. $250*



The Cleveland model. *A smart new design with rigid bow, fashioned of filled green or white gold, exquisitely chased. 17-jewel movement. $50*



Hamilton-Watch *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

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Hungry for social contact, people stayed round the church all day

the board of directors of the largest business of its kind in the world. When they came into control of that concern it had on its balance sheet tremendous inventories of raw materials which were carried at cost, though the current market was much lower; it had a number of plants built to manufacture products that had proved unprofitable or unsuitable for the line; it had certain outstanding models which never ought to have been put on the market but yet represented an investment of millions.

In the first year of its new management that great company wrote off its books more than thirty-eight million dollars. The result was very small earnings for that year and no dividends for the stockholders. I asked one of the directors why it wouldn't have been wiser to spread the write-off over a longer period.

His answer was emphatic. "No," he said. "We wanted to get all the bad news as fast as we could and clear away everything about which there could be any possible doubt. Then we knew that what was left was solid, and on that we could begin to build."

That is the habit of sound business. It is not the habit of the church. The statistics which are issued by the Protestant churches are not sincere statistics.

An Eclipse of Faith

THERE is hardly a church-membership roll that does not carry as active members a large percentage of people who are no longer active. Yet their names swell the misleading totals which give the impression that the church is gaining, when one has only to drop into a Sunday morning service to learn the contrary.

I have said that in my own business we are called upon frequently to study the sales problems of a manufacturer. We conduct what we call market surveys, and our first objective in such a survey is to uncover grief.

The manufacturer knows without any help from us the strong points of his position. He asks us to find his troubles. And when we come back to him with criticisms, complaints, signs of failure, indications that he has been too complacent while his competition has been aggressive, we present the report with no sense of embarrassment. It may not make good reading, but there is no suspicion that we are unfriendly. No cry is raised that we are impious, that we are attacking the sacred citadels of business.

The church could hardly make such a survey, for people hesitate to hurt feelings; they like to tell a pastor what he likes to hear. But an organization trained in survey work could, and the results would be illuminating even though they were confined to only half a dozen communities.

"What does every man in this town think of the church? Why is he not availing himself of its service? Why does he feel no call to contribute to it? In what way could its service be modified so that it would appeal to him?"

Such a study would bring out much that would be unpleasant reading. But when it was finished the church too would know its problems and on what exactly it had to build.

The famous Dr. Jameson, when he was about to set forth on his hazardous and, as it proved, unsuccessful raid, received a telegram from Cecil Rhodes. It said simply, "Read Luke 14:31."

He read: "Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"

A businesslike injunction, that verse, a sturdy insistence on facing the hard facts, on getting all the bad news first. The words were spoken by Jesus.

2. It sounds almost shocking, yet it is true, that the church does not have as much faith as business.

Few institutions are more impressive than the research laboratories of great industrial organizations. Here are scientists, not business men. There is no talk of money, no chatter of the ticker, no gossip of trades and profit or loss. You have the feeling that these men are concerned with forces and events beyond the horizon of everyday life. They are the mystics of the modern world. They have no master but the truth.

I have in mind one such laboratory whose annual budget is upward of two million dollars a year. The two millions are provided by a very practical business organization which exists to sell goods at a profit. The officers know that at any hour its scientists may announce: "We have discovered a new and better process. It will mean the junking of twenty million dollars' worth of your present machinery."

Do the executives try to shield themselves from that possibility? On the contrary, they try to provoke it. They are absolutely sure of one thing and one thing only, and that is CHANGE. They have only one fear—that the future may spring upon them suddenly and find them unprepared.

The World is Too Much with Us

BUSINESS KNOWS that tomorrow is going to be different; the church is AFRAID that it may be, trembles at anything that looks like change, and sticks to the old methods, believing them sacred because they are old.

A hundred years from now there may be no church service in the sense of a meeting together of people. Should that possibility disturb the church? Certainly not. Surely it can afford to be as brave as business. For a hundred years from now there will still be God and there will still be people, and the church, if it be anything, is the linking of people with God.

3. Business is endlessly flexible and adaptable; the church is peculiarly rigid and unadaptable.

Let us take the typical Sunday morning service as an example. It originated in times when people lived on farms, far from one another, and were engaged in work that kept them isolated through the week. It was lonesome work and gave little chance for intellectual development; people were so hungry for both that they stayed in and around the church all day Sunday. The pastor, who was the one man of leisure in the community, the one man who bought books and subscribed to periodicals, often the only man who received a newspaper, was their newsgiver, their librarian, their theatre, their whole intellectual bill of fare.

On Sundays we hunger for the open air

In a century conditions have undergone a complete change. We are crowded in offices and factories; forced into the closest kind of contact with everybody EXCEPT the members of our own families. Our hunger on Sunday is not for gregariousness but for separation, for a little time away from the world with our own people, alone.

It is for this reason, and not because religion is dying out in the world, that the Sunday morning service is maintained with so much effort.

On Sundays we hunger for the open air. Such intellectual hunger as we have has a thousand feeding places. We buy all the new books, as the pastor does. The new magazines reach us and him on the same day. We are abreast of him mentally; often ahead.

Thus the church becomes reduced to its primary function. It is no longer necessary as a social center; it is no longer an intellectual headquarters. It can be and (*Continued on page 48*)

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"Let it Rain!"

It's always fair weather when you're nestled next to a luscious bar of **Baby Ruth.**

The very first taste of its temptingly rich chocolate wins your approval. The very last morsel of its wonderful opera cream center and delicious caramel, sprinkled with roasted-then-toasted peanuts, caps the climax of delightful satisfaction.

There are also other CURTISS candies—a blend and flavor to suit every taste. Each, like **Baby Ruth,** is a high quality confection, daintily wrapped in an individual package and offered you in this most convenient of all candy forms.

NEW YORK
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CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
Otto Y. Schnering, PRESIDENT
Candy Makers to the American Nation

SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES

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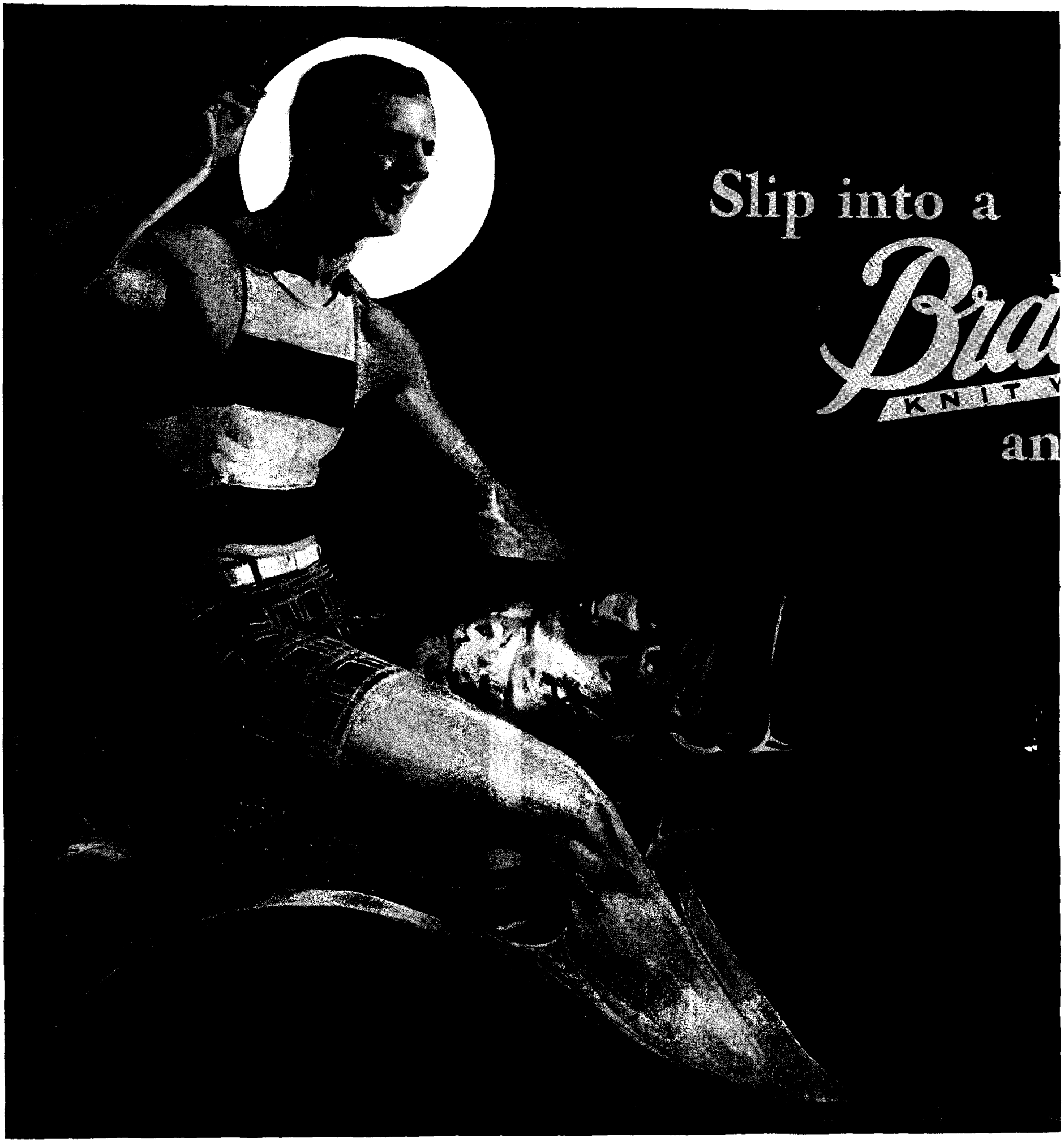

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SKIM thru the water as free as a fish . . . Stroll on the beach as proud as a peacock . . . That's what you'll do in your new Bradley Swimming Suit! The colors are gay as the rainbow. The patterns as new as tomorrow's sun . . . Cut for comfort, knitted for wear, modelled for style, dyed forever!

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY

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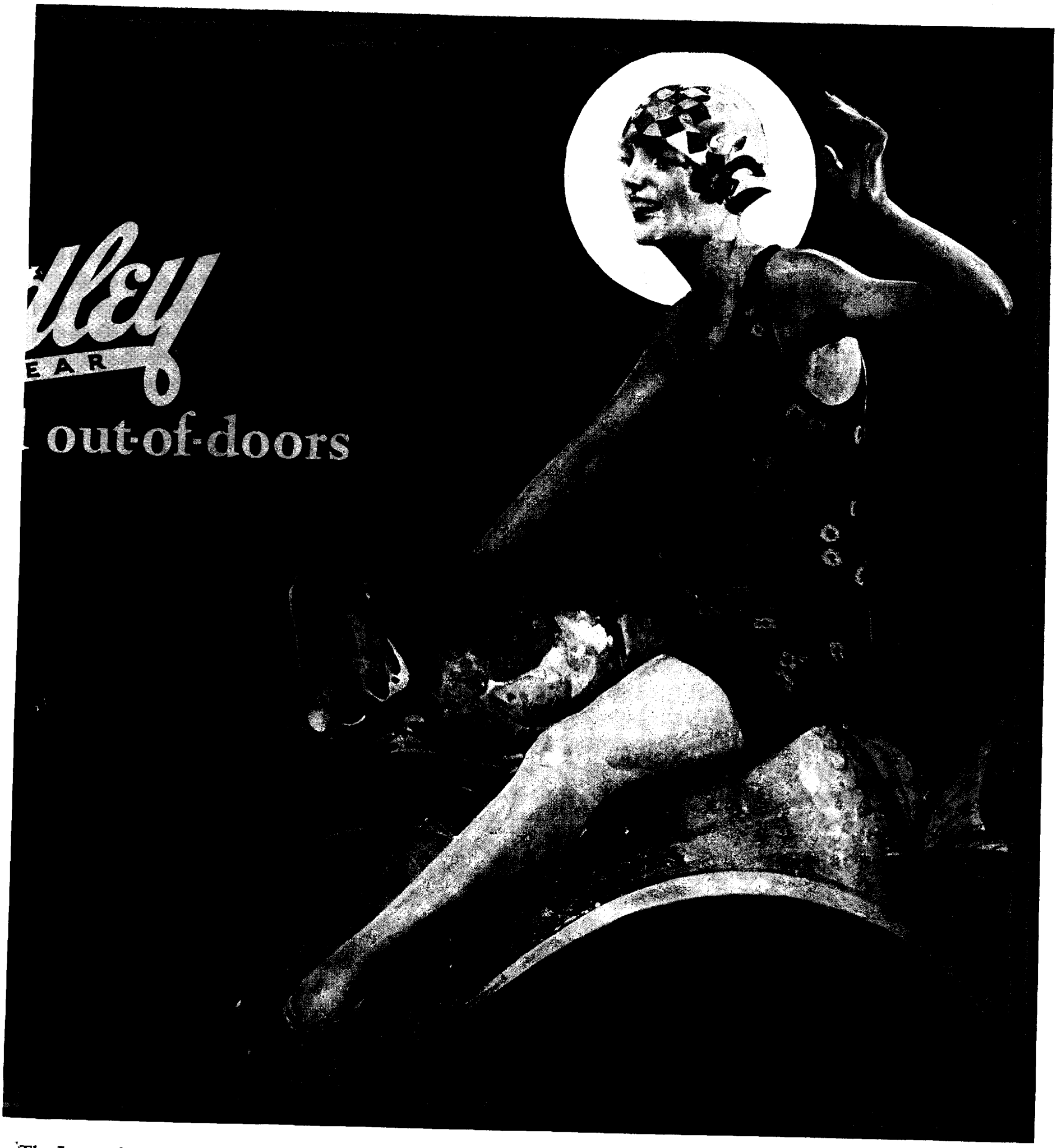

The Loop of Life—a Bradley feature—gives stretch instead of strain; "come-back" instead of sag. See the famous Super-Ribs and many other Bradley styles for men, women and children at your dealer's. Or write today for a free copy of the beautifully illustrated Bradley Style Book.

~ DELAVAN ~ WISCONSIN

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H A V E A C A M E L

No half-way verdict—Camel is supreme

THE American people have had many favorites. But there's never been a choice like Camel.

Camel is the most popular cigarette this nation ever had. Millions unite to place it first, and there's no comparison. Camel is supreme.

There must be reasons back of such a preference. There must be mountain-high quality in this famous cigarette to make millions join in saying, "I will have only Camel."

That is true. Camel quality is just as supreme as its leadership. In Camel, no substitute has ever been made for quality. No compromise has ever been made with expense. For Camels, the world's largest tobacco organization buys the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. There simply are no better tobaccos or blending.

If you don't yet know that supreme tobacco enjoyment, try Camels. All the taste and fragrance, all the mild and mellow pleasure you ever hoped to find! We invite you to compare them with any cigarette made, regardless of price.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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The Horseshoe Nails

Val finds love and adventure and smiling good fortune traveling hand in hand

By GEORGE WESTON

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN

She turned round to show him her lovely gown and they laughed and laughed again

MORE than once during dinner that evening at Mrs. Murcote's Val caught his three friends looking at him with a curious attention which wasn't far from bordering upon the solemn.

"It's probably because of Rosamond," thought Val, catching Tony's thoughtful glance for the third time; and with a feeling which wasn't altogether unmixed with pride he added, "and you can't much blame them."

And, indeed, there was something incongruous in the thought of one of Mrs. Murcote's boarders going out that evening with Commodore Burgoyne's daughter; and, looking around the dingy dining-room of the Maison Murcote, Val couldn't help contrasting some of the boarders with the men and women whom he would probably see later that evening.

There was old Mr. Moody, for instance, who looked as though he hadn't sold much paint that day. He was cutting his meat with a quick, irascible motion of his knife and didn't seem to care whether Mrs. Murcote was watching him or not.

And there was little Sue Potter, as fragile and pale as white egg-china, but bravely smiling at Fritz whenever he looked her way. And there was old Mr. Schuremann, his eyes weary—almost glassy—from the pages of figures which he had added and written since nine o'clock that morning. And Miss Finn of the straight front and sharp nose, who was beginning to look as though she would never find her disappearing fiancé. And Mr. Jones, who seldom spoke except to ask for the bread. And Mrs. Jones, whose first husband had been a doctor and who preserved her social standing by occasionally wearing her hat through dinner. And Mr. Bundy, the elderly wit and shipping clerk, who made most of his jokes by eating somebody else's butter, but didn't seem to be joking much that night.

AND, finally and always, there was Mrs. Murcote, grimly watching Mr. Moody cut his meat—Mrs. Murcote of the stout figure and the fighting face, who sometimes mashed potatoes (it was said) in her sleep and knew more ways of stewing meat than Savarin ever dreamed of.

It was Fritz who broke a rather long silence at the Stags' table in the corner.

"Miss Burgoyne said it was a heavy date?" he asked Val in a low voice, evidently referring to a conversation which they had held before dinner.

"Yes," said Val.

"I've been wondering," continued Fritz—still speaking low, so they wouldn't hear him at the other tables. "Of course, your tux is all right for restaurants. But if you're going to mingle with the baronage you ought to wear tails tonight. I know at the Metropolitan, which is considered a heavy date, they reverse the Darwinian theory."

Val didn't think much of that.

"But, darn it," he said, "I have only my tuxedo."

"That's why I mentioned it," nodded Fritz. "I didn't wish the Maison Murcote to be disgraced in the higher circles, but I've a pretty good suit upstairs—I sometimes wear it against my better nature—and I think it ought to fit you because it's rather large for me."

So when they went upstairs Val tried on Fritz's coat, which fitted him well, but needed pressing here and there. The trousers, though, were short, and the coat didn't match the invisible stripe of Val's tuxedo outfit. The sergeant came to the rescue there with a pair of dress trousers which he hadn't worn since his brother's wedding, and yet for all his borrowed finery you would have gone a long way to find a more personable, a more striking young man than Val when he rang the bell of the Château Burgoyne at nine o'clock—tall, blue-eyed and eager—already feeling a rising sense of excitement at what the evening might bring him.

"Ooh!" said Rosamond when she saw him. "How nice you look! Turn around and let's see!"

With becoming gravity Val turned around and let her have a good view of Fritz's coat and Tony's trousers, and then she slowly turned around and showed him her lovely gown and they laughed and (*Continued on page 32*)

The Story Thus Far:

THE four Stags at Mrs. Murcote's boarding house, Val, Abe, Fritz and Tony, are tired of being poor. Tony, or the sergeant as he is called, has a girl, Lucille. Val is in love with Rosamond Burgoyne, daughter of Commodore Burgoyne, president of the Consolidated National Bank. Val had rescued Rosamond during a holdup, capturing one of the men.

One night Val tells the Stags the story of the horseshoe nails, which sets them wondering if they could use the idea of doubling in making money. The story is:

A farmer objects to the price of $2.50 for having his horse shod. So the blacksmith tells him he will charge instead one cent for the first nail, two for the second, four for the third, etc. The farmer was horrified when the bill amounted to over two million dollars.

After much excited planning the Stags adopt the trade name of H. S. Nails Co. (Horseshoe Nails Co.), pool their bank accounts, amounting to $1,250, in the Consolidated National Bank, and go to it.

One day shortly after they start their vacations together under Abe's generalship they make their first doubling by buying a pawn ticket, redeeming the pledge, a beautiful brooch, and selling it. The second idea is contributed by Tony. Whereupon they double their fortune twice at a horse race.

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Try this on your catarrh

Catching up with the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

QUEER customs the ancients had. Herodotus tells us that the Babylonians had no physicians, but instead brought their sick to the market place and asked every passer-by if he had ever had such a disease and, if so, how he was cured. Or had he ever heard of anyone who had been cured of a similar sickness? Nobody, we are told, was allowed to pass the cot whereon the patient lay without stopping to attempt diagnosis and prescription.

But if the Babylonians were like us, no compulsion was necessary, for most everybody is pleased at a chance to play the part of a doctor. Any friend—sometimes a stranger—will proffer prescriptions free. Sunshine or sauerkraut *juice, aspirin or acidophilus, chlorine or* massage: "It did me good and you look just as I felt"—that is enough of a diploma for you, and lucky you are if the remedies are as harmless as these. "I always stop a cold by . . ." or "My wife has never had a headache since . . ." Yet a common cold is commonly incurable by the wisest physician, and a headache can hardly be called a symptom of any disease, since it is the accompaniment of so many diseases.

Prehistoric Scotsmen

ONCE upon a time—which is the way the conventional fairy story and the cautious geologist begin—the Scotsman hunted the reindeer and fought with the cave bear for a home. A cave was discovered last summer in the north of Scotland which contained the antlers and bones of over 400 reindeer buried in 20 feet of gravel and among them two human skeletons. One of them had been decently buried, from which we may infer some sort of religious rite. Fragments of charcoal show that man had learned the most essential of the secrets of nature, the command of fire.

And Exhibit C of this evidence of early culture is an implement of reindeer horn on which has been scratched a sketch of a reindeer antler, proof that these cave dwellers were tool-using animals and already possessed of the artistic instinct. They had risen above the purely utilitarian and taken the first steps into the realm of esthetics and theology, for it serves no practical purpose to inter a corpse formally or to adorn a tool with engraving.

The geological evidence and nature of the animals indicate that the remains belong to the Magdalenian period of the upper Paleolithic, the Old Stone Age, which would put them back some ten thousand years. It has hitherto been surmised, from the absence of such deposits, that Scotland was at that time covered by a deep ice sheet, as Greenland is yet, but this find indicates that a period of milder climate, say like that of Alaska, intervened between the earlier and later glacial epochs.

Enriching the Air

MUCH study has been given to the *question of increasing crops* by adding plant food to the soil, and the use of artificial fertilizers has become common. But only recently has attention been turned to the possibility of adding plant food to the air. Yet we all know that the two main elements of all vegetation, carbon and oxygen, are obtained from the atmosphere. Our supply of food and fuel is dependent upon the success of the green leaves in procuring carbon dioxide, yet this gas forms only three parts in ten thousand of the air.

Recent experiments on crops grown under glass indicate an atmosphere richer in carbon dioxide which may produce better crops. Doubling the percentage of carbon dioxide increased the yield of tomatoes by 20 per cent. Trebling the percentage of carbon dioxide increased the yield of cucumbers by 16 per cent. The treatment with the enriched air was applied one or two hours a day.

There is a possibility that some such method of forced feeding might prove profitable in certain cases. Carbon dioxide in abundance is thrown off from blast furnaces and in fact from every fire. It is easily made portable and applicable by condensing the gas to a liquid and confining it in steel tanks. In this form it gives froth and tang to the soft drinks of the soda fountain and acts as an extinguisher in electrical fires where a stream of water would be dangerous to handle. The solid form, carbon dioxide snow, provides a dry refrigerant for perishable goods in transit.

The Horseshoe Nails

Continued from page 31

turned and laughed again—Val, perhaps, partly because of what he knew about his suit, and she, perhaps, for no other reason than this, that it's nearly always better to laugh than to cry.

"The car's waiting outside," she said. "It's a reception and dance to some French people, the Count and Countess of Something-or-other, but Dad doesn't dance—he hates such things—and so—"

She ended with a curtsy which Val acknowledged with a low bow; and after he had held her wrap for her—and had felt his heart beat faster as she looked at him over her shoulder—they went out to the waiting car—a limousine in maroon and black, with a chauffeur in livery to match. Evidently the chauffeur knew where they were going, for he opened and closed the door in ceremonious silence and smartly returned to his place at the wheel.

"I MUST show you my new bag," said Rosamond as they started. "I think there's light enough. I'm awfully proud of it. It's ostrich skin."

Val thought it was beautiful.

"We got it this spring in Paris," she said. "And see? It matches my shoes. They're ostrich too."

"I shall always think pleasantly of the ostrich after this," said Val—"every time I hear one whistle. . . ."

Which wasn't so bad from one who had lately been dining under the eye of Madame Murcote; and again they laughed together, a confidential, almost tender little note of friendship in their mirth.

"Do you know," she said, growing serious again, "I was thinking it over all through dinner, and I'm beginning to think that there's such a thing as fate—the way we met at first—an then to see each other out there this afternoon—"

This being one of the topics which had been threshed out more than once on the third-floor rear—fate, destiny, call it what you will—they were soon having a good old argument and hadn't been at it long when Val noticed the lights of shipping below him: white lights in long rows of pearls, relieved by the shimmering rays of emeralds and rubies uncertainly reflected in the water.

"Hello!" he interrupted himself. "We're going over a bridge."

"Yes," said Rosamond. "I hated to tell you, but it's 'way out on Long Island." And, dropping her voice to that murmuring little key of coaxing which has done its share in human history, she added, "Do you mind?"

"Mind?" echoed Val. "I only wish we were starting for California."

So after a few moments they went back to fate again—fate, predestination, call it what you will—and she showed him her fate line, putting on one of the inside lights for a few minutes, but pulling down the front shade in order that the reflection of the light wouldn't bother the chauffeur and make him think that a car was approaching from behind.

And after fate (or whatever you like to call it) they talked about dance tunes, and how nice it must be to have been born Spanish, and about stars, and the two funniest actors in the world, and what life means anyhow, to say nothing of character as determined by noses, and the ideal size of a girl's foot and ankle.

So, with one thing and another, they had reached Glen Cove before they knew it and had turned into a private driveway and were approaching a house.

"Bother!" whispered Rosamond as they entered. "They're still receiving. But never mind; there's no line."

They nearly all knew Rosamond. It didn't take Val long to see that. The French people were the Count and Countess de Chartres; and when Val was presented, the countess repeated his name wrong: "Meester Valentine de Willoughby, I am charm'." So then the rest of them began calling him "de Willoughby," and there was Val in Fritz's coat and Tony's trousers—almost with a patent of nobility as he made his bow to high society.

Presently Val and Rosamond were dancing—taking one of those childish delights at being the first couple on the floor. It was a famous orchestra, and they weren't alone long. In other rooms, seen through the doorways, Val caught glimpses of bridge addicts settling here and there for their evening orgy; little groups of gossips whispering together, and groups of men in tails mysteriously disappearing looking thoughtful, and reappearing looking pleased.

All at once Val had a shock. A young man with a determined expression stalked out on the floor, touched Val's arm and said, "Excuse me." Val stopped short in pure surprise, and before he knew what was happening the determined young man was dancing off with Rosamond.

"I'll be hanged!" thought Val. "That's 'cutting in'—the first time it ever happened to me."

It wasn't the last time, though, and yet he couldn't blame the young men who insisted on sharing Rosamond with him—she was so obviously above all the other girls there in queenliness, in beauty, in starriness of eye. Later they found a terrace, softly lighted from the windows, where they could still hear the music. . . .

On their way home, talking of this and that, Rosamond said, "I don't know why, but I'm getting so sleepy."

"Perhaps if you had a nap—" said Val.

She smiled at him in the gloom of the car—a drowsy, contented smile—and he presently saw that her eyes were closed, though she was still smiling a little. Slowly but surely her head slipped over and gradually found a resting place against Val's shoulder. . . .

"Darn it!" thought Val as the car struck a hole in the road and pitched like a boat in a squall. "Now she'll wake."

But she didn't. She still dozed on with her head against his shoulder. . . . And still she was smiling a little as she slept. . . .

NEXT morning the check came from the stout little man in the brown derby—a check with muscles of steel and sinews of whipcord.

"Nine thou-sand three hun-dred and seventy-five dollars!" gloated the sergeant, letting the syllables fall trippingly from the tongue.

"And $1,250 in the bank," said Abe. "That's $10,625 altogether."

The ten thousand, of course, was inviolable. That was their doubling money—their seed for future harvests—but they fell to discussing the odd $625.

"What do you think of declaring a dividend?" asked Fritz. "I can pull through for another week, but it will require close figuring if we're going to have expenses like yesterday's."

"Seems to me," said Tony, "that we could use this extra money for expenses."

"Like renting an office, for instance," said Abe.

"Now that Uncle Maurice is back, we shall have to do business somewhere else."

"And that's going to run into money like a chorus-girl bride," said Fritz the Clever. "You'd be surprised at some of the rents they ask for offices—to say nothing of furnishing one."

"Yes, but we don't have to get a fancy office," said Abe—"just a room somewhere with a table and a few chairs. And there's nearly always an office to rent not far from the shop. What do you say if we go and look around?"

They went downstairs together, four earnest young husbandmen who wanted to plant for themselves and didn't think much of going on shares with the land-

(*Continued on page 34*)

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Here it is!

a new pipe with the bite *smoked out*

Yes, sir—we've finally done it!—Discovered how to smoke the bite clean out of a brand new pipe, and bring it to you mild, mellow—already broken in!

A sanitary smoking machine kicks out the kick and puts in the cake. Real tobacco cake—a smooth, even layer of it inside the bowl!

In Thorobred, you get a fine Italian briar pipe—a beautiful pipe—that's *sweet* from the first long-lingering puff—and stays sweet. The aristocratic red triangle—mark of WDC—is inlaid in the bit!

All popular shapes, plain and rustic finish—$1.00 each—at all good dealers. *Hitch your smile to a Thorobred Pipe!*

WM. DEMUTH & CO., *Makers of Milano, the "Insured" Pipe,* 230 Fifth Avenue, New York

Thorobred

WE CAKE IT WDC TRADE MARK *WHEN WE MAKE IT*

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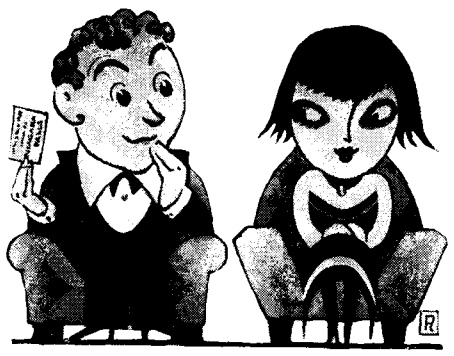
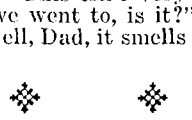


TOM MASSON SAYS—

The first real matrimonial joke I made was when I went on my honeymoon to Niagara Falls. I bought one ticket, and later my wife said: "Why, you only got one." "Dear me," I replied, "I forgot myself." She never believed it, but I sold the joke and it was translated into French, German and English and was reprinted from London Tit Bits ten years later.

Glenn Frank told me he took his boy to the circus in Madison Square Garden, New York, and the following year he took him again to the Democratic Convention there. As they entered he said to the boy: "This isn't very much like the circus we went to, is it?" The boy replied: "Well, Dad, it smells the same."



In Slason Thompson's fine life of Eugene Field, he omits to tell the story of how Field sat at a dinner party in London and the lady next to him said she understood that America was a region inhabited by wild animals and barbarians. "Yes," replied Field. "When I was caught I was up a tree." In its Americanism this was matched by the well-known reply of Mark Twain to a similar lady who asked him if he had seen the queen yet. "No, madam," he replied. "I was out when she called."

I heard two Englishmen talking about the American sense of humor at the Players' Club. One of them said the Americans had it but it was peculiar in that they always claimed more than they really had. "For instance," he said, "I went into the Waldorf when they had barmaids for waitresses, and there were mince and apple pie on the menu; but they really had no apple pie. I said I would take apple pie. And the barmaid leaned over me, grinning like a Cheshire, and said, "Kiddo, what's the matter with the mince?" The other Englishman laughed heartily. "Topping joke," he replied, "but, what WAS the matter with the mince?"

I heard this about the Prince of Wales: When very little his grandfather King Edward was indisposed, and in this condition, all dolled up in royal nightwear, was sitting up in bed when the future Prince of Wales was brought in for a visit. Taking in his royal grandpa, he looked about and said: "But where's the baby?"

The Horseshoe Nails

Continued from page 32

lord. They finally came to a sign in a doorway not far from Uncle Maurice's:

ROOM TO LET FOR BUS. PURPS.
Inq. Room 14

"Business purps," said Abe. "There you are. That's us."

The others hesitated, for, truth to tell, it was hardly a building where you would expect to find the headquarters of four future millionaires. For one thing, it was in the shadow of the L, with trains constantly roaring past the upper windows—a shabby little building with a Gents' Furnishing Mammoth Sale constantly being held in the shop downstairs: a mammoth sale with mammoth price cards printed in fat red figures and the entrance cleverly screened so that you had to go inside before you discovered that you were the only customer.

For another thing, one of the tenants upstairs was an employment agency which kept a rack of cards on display by the side of the doorway: a display which was nearly always being studied by a group of hired men who didn't seem to think much of it; while over the door itself was a work of art in the shape of a bare human foot, heroic size, bearing the legend Chiropodist Upstairs, but otherwise cunningly painted in natural colors, except that it had two eyes and a mouth and was laughing as if at some of the people who passed below.

"Well?" said Abe, sensing that the others didn't think much of it. "Shall we go and try Fifth Avenue? We might get something reasonable there for about ten thousand a year."

The other three looked at each other.

"It's convenient to Mrs. Murcote's," said Val.

"And it isn't as if we were trying to throw a front," said Tony. "We aren't trying to get credit, or anything like that."

"I'd like to know what the rent is," said Fritz.

THE rent, they soon discovered, was $25 a month, and the room was near the head of the stairs, three flights up. It was a square room with smoky walls, as though at some time it had been heated by a stove which hadn't drawn well; and although there was one window overlooking a court, most of the light came through a ground-glass skylight in the ceiling.

"No heat," said Fritz.

"What's the difference?" said Val. "We shan't be here in the winter."

"A kitchen table in the middle," said Abe, "with a blotter and inkwell on it. And four chairs. And a map of the United States showing the railway systems of 1886 in red lines. And right away quick we have an office such as, I bet you, Henry Ford would have been glad to have when first he started business. And I'll bet you $10 will furnish it too. So what do we lose if we try it?"

As a matter of fact, the others agreeing, they furnished it for $9—Abe having a friend in the second-hand furniture business on Seventh Avenue. The table cost $4, the chairs $1 each, and although they couldn't find a railway map Abe's friend triumphantly produced a framed steel engraving of the S. S. Germanic with crinolined ladies on the upper deck; and this, together with an inkwell and blotter pad, he threw in for the extra dollar.

"I'll go down to the bank while you're getting the furniture moved," said Val.

"All right," said the sergeant in his husky voice. "We'll try to have everything ready by the time you're back."

And, indeed, when Val returned to the Sign of the Laughing Foot an hour later and went upstairs, he found a cardboard sign, "H. S. Nails Co. Walk In," already on the door, and walking in he further found the other three partners of the company gravely seated around the kitchen table—"in conference" as the humorous saying goes.

"So here we are," said Abe, after Val had taken his place in the fourth chair and the bank book had been duly passed around and approved. "The next question is: what are we going to double with next?"

At the end of two hours they had decided upon nothing more promising than to put an advertisement in the Business Opportunities columns of three morning papers, which, they found, would cost them $8.40.

Advertiser has $10,000 to invest for quick returns and large profits. What have you to offer? Address Opportunity, Box 44, this office.

" . . . Quick returns and large profits. . . ."

There were times, it was beginning to seem to Val, when this might be said to summarize the hopes of the human race. . . .

TONY and Val went around to the newspaper offices together—two puzzled young tillers of the golden grain who didn't know where to plant for their next harvest.

"Say, Tony," said Val as they rolled along by the side of Madison Square.

"Ye-ah?"

"Suppose we make our million, what are you going to do next?"

"Search me," said Tony. "Probably make another million."

"Yes; but why?"

"Oh, just for fun," said the sergeant easily. "Money's always handy."

"But do you think it makes you—well, happy?"

"Makes you kind of satisfied, I guess."

"Do you think so? If you keep on wanting more?"

Tony turned and looked at him, a puzzled expression on his coppery phiz. "You talk like Little Rollo," he said. "Any time you have any money that makes you miserable just hand it to me."

Val stopped talking then—largely because of Little Rollo—but he didn't stop thinking.

"Professor Zollner was right too," he told himself, looking at the towering buildings which scraped the sky around him. "If you don't look out, you begin to think that size is everything. As if the loudest song was the best. . . . Or the biggest pair of shoes. . . . Or if you could sleep any more comfortably in a house with a hundred bedrooms. . . . Or eat a better breakfast if somebody fried you a thousand eggs. . . .

"One million—" he told himself more thoughtfully. "I guess one million's all right. But after that—"

He could see himself getting married—a hush falling over the fashionable throng as the bride arrived, starry-eyed and queenly beneath her veil.

"And after that—"

A steamer's deck throbbed beneath his feet. Morro Castle and the Panama Canal. . . . Almond eyes in groves of cherry blossoms. . . . Temples, rickshaws, coolies, natives diving for pearls. . . . And in the distance the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the dome of St. Peter's, the canals of Venice, a table for two on a Parisian boulevard, London Bridge, Stratford-on-Avon and so back home again.

"And after that—"

It was there that the puzzle began.

"Seen anything?" Tony was asking.

"No," said Val. " . . . Have you?"

"Plenty of real estate," said the husky-voiced Tony. "But that's out of our class yet."

Whereupon Val began turning his mind to the more immediate problem—struggled with it all the rest of the afternoon and helped the gang to wrestle with it again that evening. In terms, the problem was simple enough. How could they sow $10,000 and reap a harvest worth $20,000? But so far as solution was concerned, it might have been one of the Sphinx's efforts.

"I don't know so much about Professor Zollner," thought Val, long past midnight, as he turned his pillow for the third time. "If making a million isn't adventure, I'd like him to tell me what is."

Early the next afternoon—inspiration having failed them in the meantime—Val and Tony made the rounds of the newspaper offices again.

"It's probably too early yet," Val had said. "The ads only appeared this morning. But somebody may have slipped in an answer without waiting to mail it. And even if there's only one or two, we may get something to work on."

At the first office, however, eight letters were already awaiting Opportunity—that advertising Santa Claus who had $10,000 to exchange for quick returns and large profits. The second office was even more prolific of answers, and by the time Val and Tony joined the other two directors in the office of the H. S. Nails Company, they had nearly forty letters, all of which had been delivered by hand to the various newspaper offices by correspondents who evidently worked upon the theory that it was the early bird which caught the golden worm.

"What do you think of that!" exclaimed Fritz admiringly when Val proudly produced the letters. "There ought to be something here!"

There surely was, if only some of humanity's queer dreams and—now and then—its cheap rascalities.

The first division of the letters was easily made. All those which offered the more usual Golcondas—the flourishing restaurants, the crowded garages, the prosperous delicatessen stores—those were first laid on one side, interesting though they were because of the reasons given for selling such never-failing gold mines at such painful sacrifices. Some wished to sell only because they were leaving the city—some to settle an estate, some because of family difficulties, and others because of mysterious reasons which they promised to explain more fully in an interview.

"We'll let those ride for a while," said Abe. "There may be a bargain here and there, but I doubt if there are many doublers."

THE inventors' letters were next grouped together—earnest, sometimes well-nigh incoherent appeals; occasionally warm with creative fire. An invention that would stop railway collisions; a tire which couldn't skid or be punctured; a wooden shingle that wouldn't burn; shoes that would bring warmth to the coldest feet; a hatband that would prevent hats from being blown off ("The Harder It Blows, the Closer It Sticks"); an electric wave from Pole A (positive) to Pole B (negative) which had a particularly lethal effect upon boll weevils; an improvement in steel-making that would revolutionize the industry, and finally a combination cash register, typewriter and bookkeeping machine.

"Some of these may be good too," said the sergeant thoughtfully, "but Cousin Ed patented one of those things to stop railway collisions, and you ought to see what it did to him before he let go."

This left seven letters.

The first was from a widow with a collection of oil paintings; the second from a man with a recipe for a soft drink that would sweep the country; the third had worked out a system for beating the stock market; the fourth had a near-beer which improved its distance within one minute after uncorking; the fifth had found an important will which would make trouble for a big estate, but was willing to sell it, as he had other business interests calling him to Florida; the sixth could make $50,000, absolutely without fail, if given a capital of $10,000 and no questions asked; and the seventh was from Mr. Pfeffer. He wrote:

Dear Opportunity:

If you have $10,000, I believe I can

(*Continued on page 36*)

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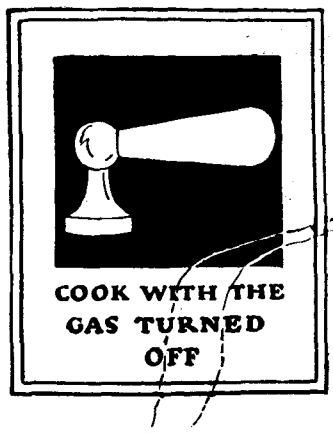


Photograph of a Woman

COOKING WITH THE GAS TURNED OFF

Every woman deserves this new freedom

YOU AREN'T OLD FASHIONED. But what about your method of cooking? Is it old fashioned?

Do you have to stay in or near the kitchen while cooking dinner? Turning the roast? Adding water to the vegetables? Wearing out body and nerves with the *drudgery* of cooking?

Wearing yourself out *unnecessarily*—unnecessarily, because if you have a Chambers Fireless Gas Range in your kitchen, you can be released from all this. With a Chambers Fireless Gas Range you are free for those hours of recreation that keep a woman fresh and youthful.

A GAS RANGE WITH A PLUS

This Chambers Fireless Gas Range is, first of all, a *gas range*. It will do everything any other range will do—PLUS. And that PLUS is what sets the Chambers as far ahead of the usual gas range as the first gas range was in advance of the little wood-stoked iron stove.

With a Chambers you put your meal on the stove—as early as you please—turn on the gas for a few minutes, then *turn off the gas*. And never so much as glance again at the cooking meal until you are ready to serve it. It will not dry out. It will be more delicious and savory. And your gas bill will be cut about in half.

INSULATION AND HEAT

An efficiently insulated oven and Thermodome (for top-stove cooking) retain heat for hours after the gas has been turned off. This retained heat completes the cooking of the meal—while *you* are free.

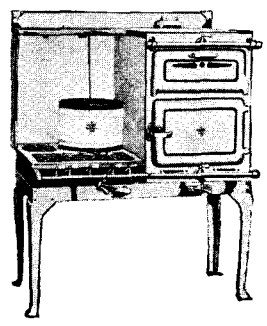
The full benefits of the Chambers range are available to all homes, even in localities not piped for gas.

Your dealer wants the opportunity to demonstrate this remarkable range which gives you hours of leisure, more savory meals, and *saves about half your gas bill.*

Nerves on edge—worn out with too many things to do. And dinner the last straw. But not if you own a Chambers Fireless Gas Range. It will give you those added hours for rest and recreation. And keep you fresh for the dinner hour.

THE CHAMBERS MANUFACTURING CO., SHELBYVILLE, IND.

CHAMBERS
Fireless Gas Ranges



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Will McNary give the odor of plowed fields to the 1928 ticket?

For VICE PRESIDENT?

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ON THE slender and willowy form of Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon rests the burden of saving the Republican party—and the considerable burden of saving Charles L. McNary—also an important consideration.

I do not know anyone who is more sinuous-looking than Mr. McNary. Time has not piled up any solid bulk about him. There is no suggestion about him of the immovable mass facing the irresistible force. He bends like a Norway poplar in a breeze. He is all grace and I would say charm, but it is something nearer to the proletarian taste than the aristocratic quality.

I'll bet his footfall is soft almost to the point of inaudibility, not because he is catlike, a gumshoe statesman like the late Murray Crane, but because he's all for harmony. He insinuates himself into company smiling and affable.

In the Senate he is gentle, affable and conciliatory—he says a few kind words, always with a persuasive smile.

When his famous farm bill came up in the Senate some senator arose and moved that as sponsor for the measure Mr. McNary should be allowed a good deal more than the allotted time. But he protested: his time would be ample.

Perhaps he did not thoroughly enjoy being out of harmony with his party.

He has a well-concealed ego, for he is ambitious and he is impatient of forceful resistance. He is the perfect politician who knows that there are more votes to be won in the course of a friendly chat in the cloakroom or over a pleasant game of golf than with all the eloquence of a Jim Reed or a Borah. He knows there are more ways of skinning a cat than that of forcibly removing its pelt and nailing it on the side of a barn.

Somebody's Salvation?

A CHARACTERISTIC incident of his political life occurred early. His first office was a judgeship to which he was appointed by the governor of Oregon. When he later came up for election another man beat him by one vote. He decided not to fight, and that decision made him senator. It is sad to think that so smooth a man, so shrewd an observer of the pitfalls of politics, should have got himself into a position where his name is anathema to one section of the country.

It was natural that the quick eye of Mr. Coolidge should spot Mr. McNary as a man who, with proper cultivation, might be made useful and amenable. There is an affinity between the President and the Oregon senator. Both are politicians.

Had Mr. Norris or Mr. Brookhart or the elder La Follette been the author of the farm bill, Mr. Coolidge would have made war upon him to the knife. Mr. Coolidge caused Mr. Brookhart to be thrown out of the Senate. And for one of the Coolidge circle to more than bow distantly to Mr. Norris is to invite upon himself royal disfavor.

But for Mr. McNary Mr. Coolidge waited patiently, meanwhile taking care of the Oregon senator's brother.

Now the time has come for which Mr. Coolidge has waited. The President needs a farm bill, and he desperately needs Mr. McNary's name on it. And Mr. McNary desires with all his heart to be second name on the ticket of Coolidge and McNary in 1928.

You can't persuade Mr. McNary that any other Republican would make so glorious a run next time as Mr. Coolidge. Any other candidate would be likely to come from too near Oregon. Moreover, any other candidate would be so sufficiently agrarian in his sympathies that the Republicans would not have to bait their trap for the Western vote with Mr. McNary's name.

Not even Mr. Fess is so convinced himself that Mr. Coolidge must and shall be nominated as is Mr. McNary.

For the President Mr. McNary's name on a Coolidge farm bill will be a sort of blown-in-the-bottle evidence that the bill will cure all the ills that the farmers ever have, ever will have or can suffer from.

So it happens that Mr. McNary before departing for the West spent a long evening at the White House. Daily the prayer goes up from the faithful members of the Coolidge coterie that Mr. McNary will think up a farm bill that Mr. Coolidge can sign. But if Mr. Coolidge does not run again Mr. McNary's sinuosity will be in vain, for the only perfect ticket with McNary on it is the Coolidge-McNary ticket.

And if the McNary imprimatur on the Coolidge farm bill should fail to persuade the other agrarian senators to vote for it, the swerving Mr. McNary would have lost his place as the unswerving friend of the farmers, and the cold and calculating Mr. Coolidge, if he should run, might turn again to Vice President Dawes to give the odor of plowed fields to the 1928 ticket.

The Horseshoe Nails

Continued from page 34

show you how to get quick returns and large profits tomorrow. I work for the government, but this has nothing to do with booze. I can call and see you this evening between five and half past, and you can check me up every way you like. Telephone number below. The only thing is, I shall expect a commission. Respectfully, ——

"So far as I'm concerned," said Val after reading the letter aloud, "I'm in favor of talking to Mr. Pfeffer. He doesn't say much, but he has a valuable sound to me."

"At least it wouldn't do any harm to hear what he says," said Fritz. "I like what he writes, 'I work for the government, but this has nothing to do with booze.' His letter should be preserved. His remark may become historic."

"How about this bird who could make us fifty thousand?" asked Abe.

"Not for me," said the sergeant decisively. "He says he wants our ten thousand first, and no questions asked. And if any Jasper thinks he can walk away with our ten thousand without answering a few questions, he's got enough more thoughts coming to keep him thinking the rest of his natural life."

Abe saluted.

"Very well, sir, sergeant," he said. "Suppose I run downstairs and ask Mr. Pfeffer to call." And, returning a few minutes later, he reported, "He'll be here at half past five."

"Did he tell you what it was about?" asked Val eagerly.

"No," said Abe. "He had a still, small voice like Conscience, and seemed to flutter away as soon as he'd made the date."

YOU can imagine whether or not they were waiting for their first visitor as the time neared half past five—sitting there like four young spiders with the door of their web open so that the fly might better be heard as he came up the stairs. And perhaps it was as well that the door *was* open, or Mr. Pfeffer might have gone away without rapping—so quietly and so uncertainly did he mount the last flight of stairs.

"Mr. Pfeffer?" called out Val, catching sight of an apprehensive little gray-haired figure who looked as though he wished that he were safely down on the street again.

"Yes," said the little man, blinking behind his spectacles. And, looking through the doorway, he added, "Are you—are any of you gentlemen Opportunity?" He was, they presently discovered, naturally shy—shy and old-fashioned, with his steel-rimmed spectacles and narrow black bow tie. He worked for the government—"not a very good job"—and he was "thinking of buying a farm and keeping chickens." Like most shy men, he could grow loquacious at times, and it was easy to see that he had thought a lot about chickens.

"You start with one hen and a nestful of eggs," he told them, "and before you know it you've got six laying pullets and six young broilers. Start with a hundred, and you've got 600 of each. Keep that up a few years, and see where you are!"

"Better than doubling," said Fritz with a clever glance at the others.

"You mean to say you want to see us about raising chickens?" asked the sergeant in a warlike voice.

"No, no," said Mr. Pfeffer. "I—I'll raise the chickens. In fact, I've got the offer of a place right now, and when I saw your ad in the paper— You spoke about ten thousand dollars—" He broke off again, with an apologetic glance around the office. "You'll excuse me for suggesting such a thing, gentlemen, but the way things look— What I mean is—you've got this ten thousand all right? You don't just mean you wish you had it?"

Val showed him the bank book.

"Guess you can swing it, all right," nodded the little man thoughtfully. "And now, let me see—oh, yes—this first. If I can show you a way—or put you in touch with a way—of making quite a few thousand dollars, you'll be willing to pay me a percentage of your profit, if it's something good, and you'll be willing to write it down in black on white—say 10 per cent of all you make?"

"If it's something legitimate," said Val, consulting the glances of the others.

"And quick returns and large profits," said Abe.

"And got no chickens in it," insisted Tony.

"Oh, it's legitimate, all right," said the little man, blinking behind his old-fashioned spectacles. "But before I tell you what it is, I think I ought to have it in black on white—about the 10 per cent, I mean—"

"Not that you care so much for yourself, I suppose," said Abe, "but you're thinking of your family."

"No," said Mr. Pfeffer earnestly, "I'm thinking about the chickens."

They gave him his letter—Tony still chuckling when he signed it—and the story was soon told. Mr. Pfeffer worked in the Appraisers Stores—a division of the customs—where he packed and unpacked boxes and otherwise made himself useful to his country. The next day there was to be an auction of property which had been seized by the government for various reasons.

"You may have seen the ad," said Mr. Pfeffer, producing a long legal newspaper clipping printed in type so fine that it brought sparks to the eyes. "Halfway down here somewhere you'll see the item '20 cases mfd. silk and cotton products.' Now, I know the wholesale value of that silk," he continued. "I've got a shipping list here, and I've marked the value of each item—the real wholesale value, mind you—without the duty. Now somebody's going to get those twenty cases cheap—if only because they don't rightly know what's in them: I've seen it happen too many times—so I said to myself 'Sam,' I said to myself, 'if you can only find the right people, this may be the start of getting you out in the country—"

He went at last, blinking his way down the gloomy stairway like a cautious old chicken himself, who had to be careful in the dark, while back in the office of the H. S. Nails Company the four partners studied the ad and the shipping lists which Mr. Pfeffer had left behind him.

It was Abe who broke the silence—Abe, you may remember, who had had a friend in the jewelry business and a friend in the second-hand furniture business.

"I have a friend in the silk business," he said. "Maybe if we went around and saw him this evening—"

THE auction began at half past ten o'clock the following morning. When Val and Tony arrived at a quarter past ten, prospective bidders, with a wary eye for bargains, were already strolling up and down the big United States Customs Seizure Room.

It was the goods rather than the bidders which first drew Val's interest—the products, it would seem, of practically every country on the globe: a grandfather's clock from Germany, lying broken in its case, like a damaged mummy in a sarcophagus; bags of nuts from Spain; goatskins from Abyssinia; pimento from Jamaica; bismuth from Bolivia; ivory from Liberia; feathers from French Guiana; sardines from Norway; sago flour from Borneo; cutlery from England; sponges from Cyprus; mother-of-pearl from some far-distant fishery of the South Sea Isles. . . .

But gradually the bidders attracted Val's attention, arriving in a steady stream which threatened at times to become a swarm: keen-eyed bidders, furtive-eyed bidders, dark-eyed bidders,

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walking up and down the aisles and looking at the merchandise like fishermen walking up and down the sides of streams in which they were soon to cast their hooks—voluble bidders, silent bidders, whispering bidders, polyglot bidders—bidders, it would seem at times, from as many countries as the goods that would soon be placed on sale.

"And everyone, deep down in his heart," thought Val, "just as keen to find a doubler as we are."

Abe and Fritz appeared then—with Abe's friend in the silk business, Mr. Kaplan, a stylish, almost dashing figure, with a white edging on his waistcoat and an unmistakable smell of perfume.

"We'd better see if we can find the silks now," said Abe.

"Twenty cases," said Mr. Kaplan briskly. "They ought not to be hard to find."

It wasn't so easy as it sounded, but they finally found them in a corner; and, strangely enough, Mr. Pfeffer had suspended his regular duties in the Appraisers Warehouse long enough to see them through.

"They're all open," he told them in a guarded voice, "but the top bolts are silk and cotton. That's what they were seized for—trying to get in as silk and cotton—but you'll find the silk underneath. I'll roll one of the boxes over to the light if you like—"

"If you will be so kind," said Mr. Kaplan briskly. "I will make a selection at random. *This* one, if you please."

They followed the truck to a distant window in an area free from bidders, and Mr. Kaplan was soon digging down into the case like a terrier after a bone.

"The estimate on the shipping list is practically correct," he reported at last in his brisk manner. "If anything, I should say it was understated."

The case was returned to its fellows then, and Mr. Kaplan briskly passed his arm into each of the other boxes.

"Now two or three sample bolts," he said, "for quality and number of yards."

Again he compared his findings with the shipping list, and again he expressed himself as satisfied.

"Pack it over in new boxes," he finally told Abe, "and make it look attractive, now, you understand, and if the rest of the pieces match the shipping list as good as the one I've seen, I should say that some of the big buyers might be glad to pay you from $25,000 to $30,000."

"Sh!" cautioned Abe as a group of fishermen drew near.

"Silk and cotton . . . silk and cotton . . ." said Mr. Kaplan, fingering the top piece and speaking in a tone of polished cynicism. "No wonder they put it in a dark corner. They ought to turn out all the lights when they sell stuff like this!"

TONY evidently thought that was pretty good, and once he spelled the ingenious Mr. Kaplan when a dark little fisherman drew near—a dark little fisherman who was to cause them trouble enough before he was through.

"Silk and cotton . . . silk and cotton . . ." croaked the sergeant, chafing one of the top pieces between his formidable thumb and finger. "No wonder those Jaspers put it in a dark corner. They ought to turn out all the lights when they sell stuff like this!"

It was half past two before the auctioneer reached the dark corner. He had a large, majestic manner—carrying his front before him as though it were an orb of empire, and using the broad *a* whenever he happened to think of it.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "we come to Lot No. 86. Twenty cases of silk and cotton manufactured products. In order to cover charges, we will start business at $4,000. What am I offered, gentlemen? What am I bid?"

"Forty-one hundred," said Fritz, after a slight pause—Fritz who had been chosen to do the bidding because of his facial control.

"Heh!" said the ingenious Mr. Kaplan in a loud aside. "He's welcome to it!"

"Ah-ha!" exclaimed the auctioneer, who was evidently not without a certain amount of ingenuity himself. "I see the bidder has a friend in court. Forty-one hundred offered. Who'll say forty-five?"

"Forty-five," said the dark little fisherman in the front row, with a gesture of his hands, for all the world as though he were throwing a line.

"Not altogether so welcome to it!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "Forty-five offered. Forty-five bid. Who'll say five thousand?"

"Forty-six hundred," said Fritz.

"Five thousand," said the dark one.

On the side lines Abe and the sergeant began to fidget.

"What have they got there?" scoffed Abe, speaking so that the auctioneer wouldn't hear him. "Cloth of gold?"

"Silk and cotton," said Tony. "No wonder they put it in a dark corner. They ought to turn the lights out—"

"Fi' thousand, fi' thousand, fi' thousand," said the auctioneer with incredible rapidity as a drummer will sometimes riffle the sheepskin if only to demonstrate his virtuosity. "Who'll say six? Si-si-si-si-si-six?"

"Fifty-one hundred," said Fritz.

"Fifty-five," said the dark little fisherman, and again he cast his line.

VAL began to catch the drama of it—the attentive crowd—the duel of bids—the auctioneer on his stool like the chorus of an old Greek play.

"Yes, sir," he thought again, "they're all out to make doublers if they can—quick returns and large profits. . . . Even the clerks back there, they've probably all got dreams of striking it rich some day: quick returns and large profits—like Mr. Pfeffer and his chickens—like everybody else in the world, I guess, if they only had the chance—"

"Fifty-six hundred," Fritz was saying with his clever look.

"Six thousand!"

"Now we're getting stawted!" exclaimed Majesty on his perch. "Not one case, gentlemen. Nor five cases. Nor ten cases. But twenty full cases of the finest manufactured goods! Who'll say seven-seven-seven-seven-seven-seven?"

"Sixty-one hundred," said Fritz.

"Sixty-five!"

"Sixty-six hundred."

"Seven thousand!"

"Seventy-one hundred," said Fritz in his clever voice.

The dark little fisherman seemed to grow darker—seemed to grow slightly impatient too at throwing out his line so often only to find each time that he hadn't thrown it far enough to reach the golden fish. One could almost imagine him looking to see how many feet he had left—beginning to wonder how much further he could throw his bait.

"Seventy-five hundred!" he suddenly exclaimed, almost with a touch of passion.

"Seventy-six," said Fritz, still keeping perfect time.

"Seventy-seven," said the other.

Fritz's knowledge of music may have helped him then—the power of crescendo and acceleration to tell upon the human mind.

"Eight thousand dollars!" he said, raising his voice a little.

"Eight thousand dollars offered! Eight thousand dollars bid!" cried Majesty graciously—and if you had seen him you would never have guessed that he was merely speaking to fill an awkward pause. "Twenty full cases of the finest foreign manufactures—products which absolutely cawn't be duplicated anywhere in this country. Who'll say ten now? Ten-ten-ten? Who'll say nine then? Ni-ni-ni-ni-ni-nine?"

"Eighty-five hundred," said the dark little fisherman, raising his arm as though there wasn't much strength left in it.

"Nine thousand," said Fritz, louder than before.

"Nine thousand!" cried Majesty. "Who'll say ten? Ten-ten-ten-ten-ten? What? No one? Who'll say ninety-five then? Or even ninety-one? Ni-one, ni-one, ni-one, ni-one? What? Can I believe it? Nine thousand dollars only offered? Nine thousand dollars only bid? For the first—second—third—and lawst time. . . . Sold! For nine thousand dollars! Please step forward to the cashier, sir, and be sure to read your receipt before you go!"

(To be continued next week)

"Daddy, your face doesn't scratch . . any more!"

There's a secret in Mennen, a secret all its own which we call *dermutation*. Dermutation softens the beard and relaxes the tiny microscopic mounds surrounding each hair. Beneath this beard-softening action your razor glides easily and smoothly without resistance; without a drag; without a nick. Mennen makes shaving easy, quick and pleasant.

And you'll be amazed at the improvement in the tone and feel that Mennen brings to your face. Five pure emollients cleanse and tone up tired skins.

Invest 50c—four bits—in the big tube of Mennen. Your face will feel the difference and others will see it.

To know the real luxury of a *complete* Mennen shave, use Mennen Skin Balm after shaving. Gives a cool, fresh tingle to the face and is antiseptic. Large tube 50c. Use it every morning along with Mennen Talcum for Men.

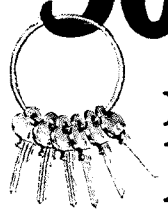
Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

The Mennen Company, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

MENNEN
The Improved
SHAVING CREAM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$30,000 in Cash Prizes



Find Six Keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Through a national survey the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and the middle of August—in many newspapers and in each of the following weeklies (one "key" to each advertisement): The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, and Life—in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find one of the "keys" in the Coca-Cola advertisement on the opposite page. The first "key," *taste*, has already appeared. All will be easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.**
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	**$10,000**
2nd prize	**5,000**
3rd prize	**2,500**
4th prize	**1,000**
5th prize	**500**
10 sixth prizes (each)	**100**
20 seventh prizes (each)	**50**
200 eighth prizes (each)	**25**
400 ninth prizes (each)	**10**
A total of 635 prizes	**$30,000**

Follow these simple rules

* Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" before you can write correct answers, and the final "key" will not appear until then. Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World), and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

The Actor's Romance

Continued from page 6

of your time. I inclose a stall for the show. As you may know, I do not appear in the second act, and have an hour to myself. If you would come round to my room at the fall of the curtain of the first act, I should be deeply grateful.

Sincerely yours.

JAMES KENMAR.

Angus scrawled a hasty reply, went home and changed, and at half-past eight was at the theatre. The house, as usual, was packed; the play—by a famous playwright—was an established success, and Kenmar, as the shrewd but kindly diplomat, full of small and lovable humanities, kept the house enthralled. At the end of the first act, Angus found a manservant waiting for him in the lobby and was taken round to the actor-manager's room. Kenmar, still in his make-up, with a dressing gown in place of the court dress he had been wearing, received his visitor with a cordiality which was almost pathetic.

"It's awfully good of you to come, Angus," he said. "Put the whisky and soda on the table, Richards, and leave us. Come back in time to get me ready."

The man, swift-footed and dexterous, produced decanter, soda water, tumblers and cigarettes, and arranged them upon a small Georgian sideboard.

"See that I am not disturbed," his master directed, as he prepared to leave the room. "You had better remain somewhere about to stop anyone coming in. I saw one of those newspaper men in front tonight."

"I will see that no one disturbs you, Sir James."

The man departed, closing the door noiselessly behind him. Sir James crossed the room and turned the key in the lock.

"That makes a certainty of it anyway," he remarked. "Help yourself, Angus. I never take anything until the show's over, but I'll smoke a cigarette."

He lit one and stood upon the hearthrug looking down at his guest.

"Angus," he continued, "you may think my appeal to you a little extraordinary considering the fact that we are really scarcely more than acquaintances. Still, I must have a confidant. I'm up against a very terrible crisis. You can take it that I am consulting you, if you will, as Bragg's partner, or as a friend. I *must* have help."

"I'll do what I can," Angus promised.

THE slight mannerisms of the actor had fallen away. Sir James told his story as a man face to face with trouble.

"I am fifty-six years old, Angus," he confided. "The papers all lie about my age, but that's the truth." I've been married twenty-four years. I don't need to say anything about my wife. She is one of these sweet, even-tempered, good-dispositioned women who were born to do the right thing, to give their lives for their children and their husbands, and who haven't a selfish impulse in their body. We got on all right—I suppose I was no better nor any worse than most other men—rather better, I think—until one winter eight years ago in New York."

Kenmar paused and changed his position restlessly. Angus, seeking to analyze some faint and unaccountable difference in the man's tone and demeanor, suddenly realized that for the moment the actor existed no longer; it was the man speaking out of his body—the man, a stranger.

"I was out there with my company," he went on—"successful as usual, making money as always. It was the ordinary life which had suited me very well up till then—fêted a little, flattered a little, entertained all the time. One night I was taken to a small reception. I met a woman there whose name had driven mine out of the newspapers for several days. I spare you her name; she was a Russian, a princess, and a good deal more of that sort of thing. I will call her Vadia. She became that to me that night. I have never thought of any other name. Angus, this is getting terribly difficult."

The wonderful voice had actually broken. Angus nodded across at him sympathetically but remained silent.

"I've never spoken of her to anyone else," Kenmar continued. "To another man it sounds—wrong. I haven't any words to make it sound right. You see, in a way I'm a queer sort of person for such a thing to have happened to—a popular actor, cramped in life and ideas from one's very environment—a little of the manhood squeezed out here, a little of the imagination from another place. You know what we are, the finished article. I didn't know then; I do now—enough to despise what we may drift into being. . . . Well, the next day she disappeared. She had to. With the utmost regret in the world the New York police had to tell her that they couldn't defend her. She had stayed on in Russia with one purpose. Again I shan't weary you. She killed the man who betrayed her family before she left, and in London and Paris and over there she's done more harm to the Bolshevists than any man or woman who ever escaped from that country alive. She went into hiding; I went with her. The newspapers were full of my sudden illness. Fortunately my understudy was good. I was with her until she went to South America. I crept back to the hospital in New York, finished up my tour abruptly and came back to England."

THERE was another silence. For a simple story, Angus felt the unspoken eloquence of it vibrating in the atmosphere of that queerly modern apartment—the actor's dressing-room, with its lingering odor of unguents and flowers and stale cigarette smoke, the dressing table with its mummer's outfit, the masculine trifles here and there, the faint note of unreality which not even Kenmar's masculine enough personality had been able to dispel.

"I don't know what there was in me of hidden greatness," he went on, after a moment's pause, "which brought us together with the first flash of her eyes, the first word she spoke, the first thrilling touch of her fingers. You'll have to take all that for granted, Angus. It has happened to people all through the ages, and even now no one understands. Only this I must have you know and believe—since that moment eight years ago I've lived three hundred and sixty-four days of each year waiting, and one day in the most marvelous paradise God could create. Once every year—the anniversary of that night in New York—we've met. She's come sometimes from the furthest corners of the world. We never write. She knows where I am, and she comes. The understanding is that I never ask for her whereabouts, I never follow her. Twice I have been in outlandish places on the morning of the day, but my message has always come.

"And all these eight years, Angus, she has lived in peril of her life. Some day or other the end will come. Perhaps no one will ever hear of it. You'll see the change in me. Last year, on our last meeting, for the first time in her life, there was a little less fatalism, something that was almost like the shadow of fear in the way she spoke. All over the world they grow richer and stronger, her enemies. She was hounded out of China, escaping death by a miracle. They had a flash of genius at last, these men. When they lost track of her they came to Paris where I was. They were a day too late. Our wonderful twenty-four hours had passed and she was away. This year—now do you know, Angus," he demanded passionately, "why those men of yours who day after day make their harmless report of my little life are filling me with terror and horror? They know that if she's alive, nothing will keep her from coming and me from going when the day comes, so they watch me in order to bring about her doom."

His finger shot out toward the calendar upon the wall.

"The sixteenth! Tonight, before I leave the theatre I shall have my message. It was at five minutes to one that I met her in New York. At five minutes to one tomorrow morning I shall be with her for twenty-four hours—just twenty-four hours out of the whole year. My understudy will play tomorrow night. I shall be suddenly indisposed. That is, if I go."

"If you go?" Angus repeated, a little dazed.

Kenmar was suddenly ablaze. He stood up. Not even the sound of laughing voices outside in the corridor stopped him. He struck the table with his fist.

"Don't you see?" he cried out. "When I leave here tonight I lead those blasted sleuth hounds to her hiding place. She will pay for the rapture of our love with her life. Who do you suppose is your nameless, your infamous client? One of that bloody nation of murderers, his fingers itching for her throat, his steel for her body."

"My God!" Angus muttered.

There were sounds of increased movement outside, a warning knock at the door.

"In ten minutes, Sir James," his manservant announced.

Kenmar made no reply. His eyes, filled with a passionate demand, were fixed upon Angus'. The sweat was standing out in little beads upon his forehead. He was like a man gripped in the sway of some terrible emotion. Upon their speechlessness came the anti-climax of a furtive knock on the door. Kenmar crossed the room and unlocked it. The manservant entered, bearing a note.

"A messenger has brought this for you, Sir James," he announced.

Kenmar snatched at it. He held it in front of him—a simple address in violet ink, scratchy characters, a blot in the corner. He held it in front of him until the door closed behind the servant. Angus gazed at him almost in awe. The storm had passed. The joy on his face was the joy of a child. His lips were quivering, his eyes suddenly youthful. Great actor though he was, there was an emotion here which even his art could never have reproduced as he tore open the envelope and read the few enclosed lines. Angus rose to his feet. He crossed the room and, although they had never been anything more than acquaintances, he passed his arm affectionately round the other's shoulder.

"You can go where you will tonight, Kenmar," he promised. "No one shall follow you. You can take my word for that."

Kenmar gripped his hand. The gratitude in his face was more than the gratitude a man gives for a life saved.

ANGUS paused outside the stage door of the theatre to light a cigarette and consider the situation. There was an entire act of the play yet to be produced and a reasonable interval to be allowed for Kenmar to change his clothes. The act, however, was the shortest in the piece, and as it had already commenced it was scarcely safe to reckon upon more than half-an-hour's grace. Unconsciously, during the next fifteen minutes, he paid unwilling tribute to the sagacity of the myrmidon from Bragg's Detective Agency of whom he was in search. There was certainly no one who had the least appearance of loitering about in the street, no one who fulfilled in the slightest degree one's idea of the modern sleuth hound. Angus began to get worried. Supposing the fellow should make his appearance only at the last second, there would be no time to talk to him. Then he suddenly realized that a fashionably dressed young man who had just said good-by to another at a corner of

(*Continued on page 40*)

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$30,000 in Cash Prizes!

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

THIRST!

The only real drink is a *thirst* quenching drink. Coca-Cola, a pure drink of natural flavors, quenches *thirst* as nothing else can.

See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

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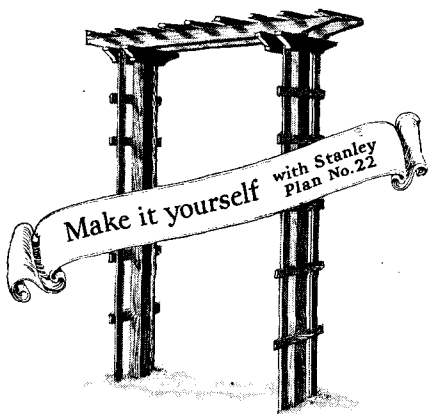


Garden Trellis Plan 10¢

IN addition to this arch, Stanley Plan No. 22-C shows how to build a latticed wall to match.

Vines—either plain or flowering—have turned many a *house* into a *home*. It is simple to build a garden trellis when you have Stanley Plan No. 22-C to help you.

Did you ever think of this?

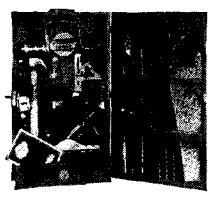
The value of making things is twofold. It gives you cheerful recreation and, when a job is finished, you have made something useful that will last for years. Stanley Plans were prepared to help you.

Of course you need good tools to do your best work. Most carpenters use Stanley Tools. Practically every manual training class in the country uses them, too. Your hardware dealer sells Stanley Tools both separately and in sets. Stanley sets sell from $5 to $95.

Your hardware dealer has Plan No. 22-C as well as other Stanley Plans for making useful articles, or he can get them for you. The plans cost only 10c each. Ask him also for Catalog No. 34-C which shows the most complete line of woodworking tools on the market. It is free. If he cannot supply you, write to The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

Stanley Plans

Buy separately or in assortments



- ☐ 1-C Book rack
- ☐ 9-C Bird houses
- ☐ 11-C Book stand
- ☐ 13-C Kitchen cabinet
- ☐ 16-C End table
- ☐ 17-C Tea wagon
- ☐ 19-C Combination sail- and row-boat
- ☐ 21-C Garden seat
- ☐ S71-C Tool chest
- ☐ S72-C Work bench

There are 15 other plans. Ask for list.

The best tools are the cheapest to use. Ask your hardware dealer.

STANLEY TOOLS

The Actor's Romance

Continued from page 38

the narrow street had turned back toward the stage door. Something in his bearing was at once familiar. Angus hurried after him.

"Saunders," he said, touching him on the shoulder, "I want a word with you."

"I thought you did, Mr. Angus," the other replied. "That's why I sent my pal away."

"Your pal? There aren't two of you on this job, are there?" Angus demanded.

"Certainly not, sir. If I can pick up one, though, I always bring a dummy round for a minute or two. It looks better to be seen talking to someone than to be hanging round alone."

"Well, I'm glad I've found you, anyway," Angus declared. "You can cut out tonight's work. We've decided to abandon our commission."

"You mean," Saunders asked slowly, "that you don't wish me to follow Sir James tonight?"

"You've got it exactly."

The man threw his cigarette away, but he showed no signs of moving.

"You'll excuse my pointing out, Mr. Angus," he said, "that when I left the office my instructions stood. Have you seen Mr. Bragg or Mr. Hopkins during the last half hour?"

"I have not," Angus replied, "but you know quite well what my connection with Mr. Bragg is. I am in a position to give orders if necessary, and I do give them to you now. In view of circumstances which have come to my knowledge during the last hour I have decided to take you off this case."

Saunders reflected for a moment.

"You're putting me in a very awkward position, sir," he complained.

"You will be in a far more awkward one if you don't obey my instructions," Angus assured him.

The man glanced toward the front entrance of the theatre. A thin stream of people were already coming out; the whistles were beginning to sound.

"I'm sorry, sir," he decided. "I've had special instructions about this evening. I've been told to be more than ordinarily careful. Our client has promised me a double fee for my report tonight."

"There won't be a report," Angus insisted.

The man had made up his mind.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but there will," he answered.

Angus glanced up at the stage door. Under the light a tall, familiar figure was standing, pausing for a moment to say good night to the doorkeeper. He laid his hand upon his companion's arm.

"Look here, Saunders," he promised, "I'll see you through this if you do as I say. I'll guarantee you your place and a hundred quid if you'll come round with me to the Savoy and have a bit of supper."

"Nothing doing, sir," the man replied, turning away with a stealthy glance toward the passage leading from the stage door.

"Then look out for yourself," Angus warned him, with a little groan.

Saunders turned around to meet Angus' fist in his face. Exactly as the latter had calculated, with the first sting of pain, he saw red and forgot everything else for the next few moments. There was a scream of delight from the newspaper boys and loiterers of that ilk. 'Two toffs fighting outside the Imperial Theatre!' There was an irregular ring in a few seconds—and the two men fought.

PETER BRAGG, in the midst of an annoying and disturbing morning, looked up at his partner's entrance with a little gasp of dismay. Angus had a black shade over one eye, a piece of cotton wool strapped on to his cheek, a swollen lip and his arm in a sling.

"What the devil have you been doing with yourself?" he exclaimed.

Angus sank into a chair.

"You should see Saunders," he murmured, with a reflective smile.

"Where have you spent the night?" Peter Bragg demanded. "I sent up to your rooms and over to Moningham House."

"In a police cell," was the cheerful reply. "So did Saunders. Only way to keep him with me, you see. I say, Pudgy, be a good chap and give me a whisky and soda. As a matter of fact, I haven't been to bed at all. I came straight here from the police court. A chemist patched this up last night, but I've got a nurse coming in ten minutes with a doctor pal to fix me up properly."

PETER BRAGG rose to his feet, unlocked his cupboard and mixed a generous whisky and soda. He prepared for himself a sherry and bitters.

"I think it only right to let you know, George," he said stiffly, after a mechanical exchange of greetings, "that you have placed the reputation of my business in considerable jeopardy. Mr. Sodor Mackinden has been here twice already, besides ringing me up at my rooms last night. He is threatening to bring an action. And so far as I can see he will be perfectly justified if he does."

Angus drank half his whisky and soda and handled the tumbler containing the remainder lovingly.

"Mr. Sodor Mackinden, as he calls himself, is the representative of one of the rottenest branches of the Bolshevist Secret Service, and what he's out for is nothing more nor less than murder," Angus confided. "It ain't our job, Pudgy, to work for such scum. Still, I admit, on the face of it, you've got a grievance. Here's the story."

Angus told it, pithily and without undue verbiage. Peter Bragg listened to the end in silence. He was indubitably impressed.

"But, George," he protested, "surely it was a bit rough on Saunders—a man who was only doing his duty in our employ—to start a brawl with him in the open street, to say nothing about the damage to your own reputation. What happened?"

Angus grinned.

"I got five pounds or a month," he confessed. "Saunders would have had the same, but I took the blame for the whole affair—said I lost my temper."

"Five pounds or a month!" Peter Bragg repeated in a shocked tone. "Why, what on earth will your father say?"

Angus finished drinking his whisky and soda.

"I've got it on the governor all right," he replied. "He went to prison for three days without option on a boat race night thirty-five years ago. He's got the clipping still—seems rather proud of it. Saunders is the only fellow I'm sorry for. He's terrified to face his wife. You'll have to give him a certificate that it was all in the course of business, and I'm going to choose him a gold cigarette case this afternoon. It's all right, Pudgy, eh? You're not going to chuck me out?"

Peter Bragg shook his head.

"Under the circumstances," he said, "accepting Kenmar's story as the truth—"

"Upon which I'll stake my soul," Angus murmured.

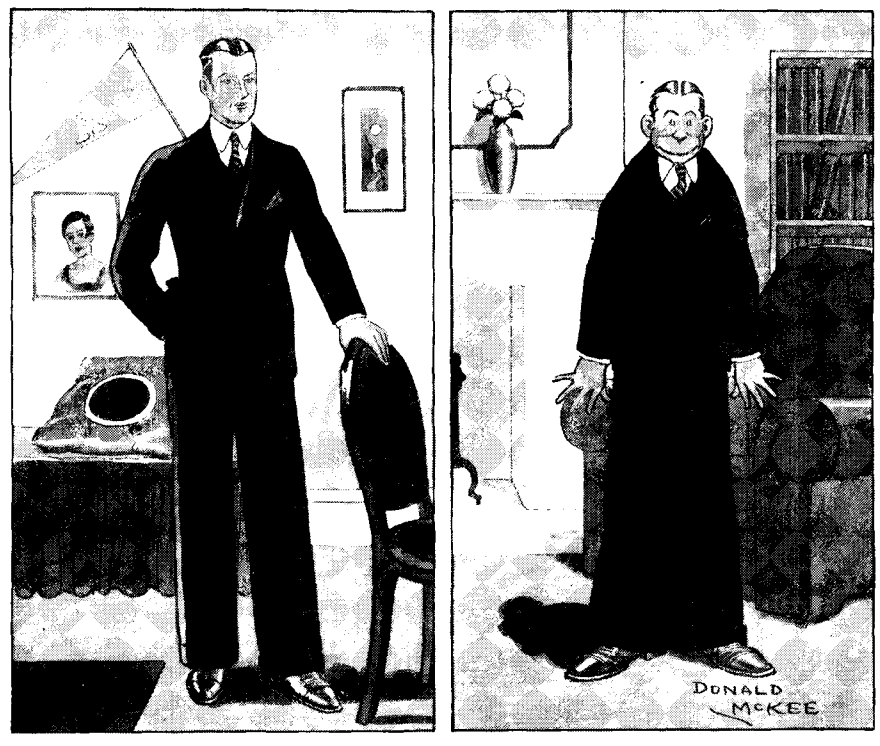
"I should have done precisely the same as you—provided I had the physique, and provided I couldn't have made Saunders see reason," Peter Bragg concluded. "Go up and have your wounds dressed. I'm expecting another visit from Mr. Sodor Mackinden and you'd better not be in evidence."

ON HIS way to his club that evening Angus paused for a moment outside the Imperial Theatre to read a freely displayed notice:

Owing to the sudden but not serious indisposition of Sir James Kenmar, the part of Lord Dagmar tonight will be taken by Mr. Philip Groves.

Angus turned away with a somewhat wistful smile. A little thrill of romance stole pleasantly through his being. He felt his feet raised from the pavement. He was no longer conscious of any pain from that scar on his cheek. Somewhere under that gray sky which leaned down upon him murkily, a great passion was burning.

Another adventure of Peter Bragg and his partner will appear in an early issue



ANOTHER THING FATHER CAN'T UNDERSTAND

Why the youth in the advertisement of Klassy-Kut Kollege Klothes looks like this—

—and Junior, in the same suit, looks like this.

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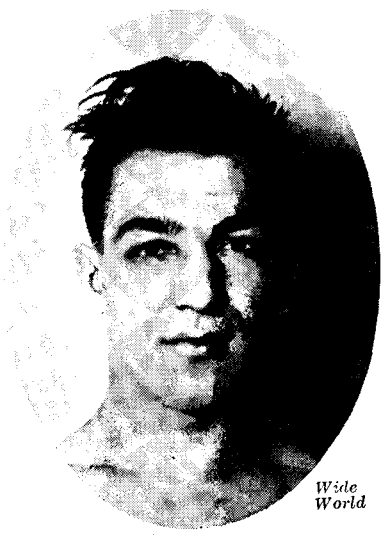
Watch the Southpaws

Continued from page 8

something more than a feint or jab with his left. He had a wallop that started the warblers singing.

Then there's football. In two or three close games last fall Knute Rockne sent a quarterback named Parisien into action. Parisien was something more than a good quarterback. He threw forward passes with his left hand. And he usually threw them into the waiting arms of some Notre Dame mate. This left-handed passer was a big factor in beating Northwestern and the University of Southern California.



Wide World

Paul Berlenbach slugged his way with his left to a championship and $350,000

And the left foot of Sam Felton of Harvard is still famous. Felton was one of the stars during Haughton's reign at Harvard, and he had a left-footed kick that was about as wicked an affair to handle as any back ever faced. This kick came with a twist and a spin that made it hard to judge and still harder to catch.

The Yale back who missed fourteen or fifteen of these Feltonized kicks in one game had a good alibi. Anyone else would have missed about as many. There have been other good left-legged (or left-footed) kickers, but Sam Felton was the best. He was as accurate as a sniper, and no other punter has ever been able to put as much twist and spin upon the ball.

For some reason yet to be explained, golf has sent no left-hander to any national throneroom. There have been good left-handed golfers, but no great ones.

Fritz Martin, a left-hander, won the Canadian championship. Bruce Pearce, a Tasmanian southpaw, stopped Chick Evans in the British amateur. But no open or amateur championship of either the United States or Great Britain has been won by a left-handed entry.

Professionals make left-handed pupils switch over. Nearly all left-handers cut across the ball for a slice. But so do most right-handers. If ball players can do as well batting left-handed—and the proof is Ruth, Cobb, Speaker, Collins, Wheat, Jackson and Goslin—why is it that golfers should find this style a handicap?

A hundred reasons have been offered, but none of them is reasonable. The fact remains that a left-hander rarely qualifies among the first thirty-two or finishes among the first sixty in an open.

But outside of golf the southpaw has nothing to worry about. He has an advantage in baseball, since he can stand six or eight feet closer to first than a right-hander can. And at tennis and boxing his style helps to bother an opponent more accustomed to the right-handed game.

Songs My Mother Never Taught Me

Continued from page 13

for the occasion which had been fitted to the tune of Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet with the Blue Ribbon on It.

It too was disrespectful to the medical judgment that prescribes plaster casts for badly wounded men. Many a lad being carried down to the operating-room at Savigny departed from his ward with the song ringing out:

Get out that old broken tibia,
And hitch it on to the fibula,
And put the —— —— works in a cast.
And on a khaki stretcher
They will come and get yer,
And you'll push daisies up through the grass!

But these songs were specialized and were not shared by all commands.

I have often wondered if wounded men at hospitals other than the excellent one at Angers (Base 27, University of Pittsburgh Unit) had the same psychic defense against the Dead March from Saul that droned so regularly beneath the morning windows of patients awaiting the arriving of the ward surgeon with his agony wagon of probes and sponges.

Each morning the dead of the night before went forth to a soldier's reward, stacks of pine coffins swathed in Star-Spangled Banners, and each day the terrible wailing of that march smote the living.

Then some lad discovered, thinking of war-risk insurance, that the march could be fitted to one monotonous line and sung over and over cheerfully. The line (you might try it) was Ten Thousand Dollars for the Folks Back Home.

He jests at scars who never felt a wound!

Mam'selle from Armentières may have been the patron goddess of the American Expeditionary Forces, but their best pal was a young woman named Looloo.

This Looloo was never supposed to have actually journeyed to the scenes of war. She was, one might say, in reserve. She was the girl back home, the ideal of the soldier's fancy. The chorus for her song was used for a specific purpose—that of swinging the men into regular step after a morning's route marching.

This chorus was capable of shocking men by its tempo into a fine, smart cadence for entry into a town in military style, and it could not be maintained for long. Its rhythmic perfection gathered momentum as it progressed, until men marched at top speed and approached at double time.

I regret to say that I cannot give one line of this chorus. It must remain inscrutable!

Silence is Golden About This

THE verse of Looloo was capable of a thousand variations. An old song, it was used as a framework on which to hang every gag in soldiers' lore. The sergeant and the file closer usually took turns at trolling the stave, and all ranks boomed forth on the magnificent chorus.

The first lines of this verse always referred to Looloo herself and described either some idiosyncrasy or feat of prowess actually performed by her and duly witnessed by the minstrel himself. Thus the first lines began with such announcements as "My Looloo is so handsome," "I took my Looloo to the circus," "My Looloo had a baby," "My Looloo lost her dollar."

Of the rest, silence is golden, but a million men will understand!

You Need this Safeguard

United States
BALLOON TIRE PATCH
For ALL CORD TIRES
(Medium)
Size No. 2
Makes Tire repairing as simple as patching a Tube
They provide practical blow-out insurance and take the last worry out of tire
For directions see other side of envelope

U. S. Balloon Tire Patch with plies separated to show exceptional construction

United States Balloon Tire Patch

Clean inside of casing around rupture with gasoline

Peel glazed cloth off face of patch

Dampen gum surface with gasoline. Let dry two minutes

Apply patch to rupture and press firmly in place. Patch will stick securely

HERE is a *real* tire patch — a patch for all cord tires — with which you can make a permanent repair quickly and easily, even though you've never patched a casing before or even seen it done. The pictures at the left show how easy it is.

The U. S. Balloon Tire Patch is made of four plies of Web-Cord — the famous material which goes into United States Royal Cord Tires.

Over the plies of Web-Cord is a layer of pure gum of such high quality that it will hold the patch permanently in place.

The United States Balloon Tire Patch comes in three sizes. Carry a set in your car and be *ready* for roadside repairs.

United States Cold Patch Outfit

And speaking of patching—there's the U. S. Cold Patch Outfit for tubes. No heat, very little time, no trouble and your tube is as good as new. Have an outfit with you *always*.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON FOR MONEY-SAVING FOLDER

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

Repair Materials & Accessory Dept., 1790 Broadway, New York City

Please send me your folder, "Are You Prepared for This Emergency?"

Name_____

Address_____ (C)

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The Prodigal Pipe Smoker Returns to Favorite Tobacco

Having tried them all, Texan comes back to his first love with new appreciation

One way to appreciate the value of something you possess is to be deprived of it for a time.

Evidently this is as true of tobacco as anything else, for here is a letter from a self-confessed "prodigal son." He not only returned to his former favorite, but also bought himself a new pipe to start afresh.

With the modesty and humbleness of a true prodigal's return, this pipe-smoker permits us to present him merely as "H. D."

His letter follows:

Boerne, Texas
Oct. 14, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

I am a prodigal son.

I began pipe-smoking with Edgeworth. But after a while I began to wander, trying other tobaccos, experimenting to see if there were any better tobacco for the pipe.

I have tried most of the best known brands and a number of the more obscure, both imported and domestic, but they didn't suit.

So now I have returned—I am using Edgeworth again, satisfied that no better tobacco is made.

"And the prodigal son partook of the fatted calf"; I bought a new pipe when I returned to Edgeworth.

With many thanks for my cool, mellow, sweet smokes, I am,

Very truly yours,
"H. D."

Pipe smokers prefer Edgeworth for various reasons. Some like it because its quality never changes. Some like it because of its flavor. Others smoke it because they can buy it wherever and whenever they like. Perhaps after you try Edgeworth you will discover still another reason for the popularity of this tobacco.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

Dirty Weather Ahead

Continued from page 7

year and that will help to keep the farmer regular in spite of his grievances.

The other guess is that Mr. Coolidge did too good a job in vetoing the McNary-Haugen Bill. It was a magnificent veto. All the Eastern newspapers said so.

No bill was ever so torn limb from limb, so thoroughly exposed in its impracticability and futility as the McNary-Haugen Bill was by President Coolidge. The farmers' pet scheme was riddled.

But, says this theory of the farmers' reaction, if you destroy utterly the one measure on which the farmer has pinned his hopes for years, won't he turn to something else vastly more embarrassing to the Republican party? The McNary-Haugen Bill was practically an offer from the West to the industrial East which said in effect, "If you give us this, we will let you alone. You may continue to have our coöperation politically, you may continue to enjoy the advantages which have come to you from it if you will put us into an equally favored position by letting us have this measure which will raise the prices of our products."

The East, speaking through Mr. Coolidge—who in the opinion of the Western farmers is governed largely by a consideration of Eastern interests—declined to give the West governmental aid in price fixing. So the West may come back in the next session of Congress to attack the laws upon which, in its judgment, the East bases its ability to fix the prices of its products.

To the West two courses were open: either to raise itself by government aid to a position where it would enjoy equal favor with the East or to tear down the legislative foundations for what it regards as the more advantageous position which the East enjoys. In either way it might bring about a more equal division of national wealth, by a governmental subvention to farming or by a reduction of the tariff protection that Eastern manufacturing enjoys.

The Flaming Sword

NOT much was heard of a possible attack upon the tariff in the session of Congress just closed. This was probably because the West was hopeful that Congress would pass and President Coolidge sign a bill which would raise prices of agricultural products to the level of prices of protected manufactured products. But the relation of the distress on the farms to the tariff has been clearly recognized in the West. One of the familiar cries out there is that "the farmer sells in a world market and buys in a protected market," with the result that the farmer's dollar is worth only between eighty and ninety cents.

The best thing that can happen to the Republicans is that the farmers will continue to believe in the McNary-Haugen Bill and still press for its passage in the next session of Congress. That is an issue that can be compromised. It is one that the Republican party, with Mr. Coolidge out of the way, might straddle in 1928 by nominating a candidate like Vice President Dawes or Governor Lowden.

Against this prospect there is Mr. Coolidge's veto message like the flaming sword at the east of the Garden of Eden. And Mr. Coolidge in any event will be President during two more sessions of Congress. Two years is a long time to wait.

It will be recalled that Senator Gooding, at that time leader of the farm bloc, roared out a threat a year ago to "tear down the tariff wall;" and also that Senator Capper, another ex-leader of the same bloc, has almost made similar threats. But it is too soon to predict whether the West will take up its alternative method of bringing about equality of opportunity between agriculture and business and come back to the next session of Congress shouting, "Tear down the tariff wall!"

If it does, it will find allies in the Democrats in Congress. It is not without significance that the Western Republicans and Southern Democrats found a basis of coöperation in the session that closed in March. However, one must not attach too much significance to it. Many traditions would have to be broken down, many loyalties would have to be disrupted, habits of a lifetime would have to be overcome before what is an arrangement for expediency in Congress turned into a new alignment that might affect the national election in 1928.

The habit of supporting the tariff is two generations old in the West. Interests are so involved that you cannot draw a line and say on this side the advantage lies in lowering duties and on that side in maintaining them. Neither geographically nor by class can any such nice geometrical laying out of political forces be made. And the inertia of old beliefs and practices is powerful.

So it is at least possible that the cry, "Tear down the tariff wall," which will surely be heard in the next session of Congress, may be a bluff, as it has been in recent sessions.

But if the West comes back with blood in its eye, determined to attack the tariff, an issue will be raised that cannot be compromised, one which will array the East and the West definitely against each other, one which will end the old alliance between business and agriculture, on the basis of which the Republican party has so long ruled the country.

The present discontent has a year and a half to seethe in. And it is well organized. Iowa is mad clear through. Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas have for a long time been restless politically. Illinois has a large wet urban vote and a lot of angry corn farmers. All of them might—I am putting an extreme estimate of the possibilities—be so alienated as to vote even for Governor Smith.

And that makes President Coolidge's renomination unlikely. A President may fight for a second term, since the refusal of it is a reflection on him. But a renomination for something more than two terms is something that must be handed on a golden platter. And there is not any golden platter for Mr. Coolidge.

A while ago hardly a day passed but some Republican state leader, national committeeman or senator visited Mr. Coolidge and left his presence to tell the eager world that in his state the demand for four more years of Coolidge was overwhelming.

Suddenly, as the combination of the Republicans and Democrats in Congress to pass the McNary-Haugen Bill took shape, these visits stopped. It was a sign that the Republican politicians were taking thought. They wanted to see whether the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill would pass. They desired to know whether President Coolidge would veto it. They had to take account of Mr. Coolidge's political stock before they committed themselves any harder to the program of his renomination.

Mr. Coolidge keeps his own counsel. Not even Chairman Butler or Mr. Frank Stearns or Mr. Dwight Morrow knows whether he ever intended to run again. He is in a splendid position to make the thrice-upon-the-Lupercal gesture. The general opinion of Washington is that he will do so.

That would leave Governor Frank Lowden technically in first place. But Mr. Lowden has two defects as a candidate. He is too old. And he is as much the candidate of one faction of the Republican party as Mr. Coolidge is the candidate of the other. Parties usually avoid extreme candidates. If he is not so already, by the time next session's struggle between West and East is through Mr. Lowden is likely to be unacceptable to the East, or at least less acceptable to the East than a candidate less clearly identified with the McNary-Haugen Bill than he is.

Thus Vice President Dawes has come to be the favorite tip of all political touts.

If the West is willing to wait two years for farm relief and does not grow vengeful, Mr. Dawes might hold the two sections of his party pretty well together. But if the West attacks the tariff with blood in its eye, then even Mr. Dawes will become almost as much of a sectional candidate as Mr. Coolidge would be.

In any case, even if the tariff issue is not raised, either Mr. Dawes or Mr. Lowden running on a platform that would satisfy the Western farmers would be weaker in the East against Governor Al Smith than Mr. Coolidge would be. So the Republicans, while they have perhaps a fair prospect of compromising the issue between the two factions of their party, will not have the same overwhelming power that they had in 1920 and in 1924.

Henry Ford says:

"Executioners should be picked as jurors are picked—by lot." But he's all against capital punishment, and he tells why in a remarkable interview,

"Aren't We All Killers?"

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

In the former of these two years the Republicans profited by the revulsion of feeling against the war and against President Wilson's international policies. And in 1924 they were put into office to continue the job of getting rid of the war taxes. And they were helped in the campaign by what was commonly regarded as the threat to business contained in the La Follette candidacy.

They have now been in office long enough to fall to quarreling among themselves. One large section of the country accuses them of favoring another section at its expense. Any compromise will alienate some elements in one section or the other.

The Republican dilemma is this: people may vote against the McNary-Haugen Bill if the Republicans offer that to hold the West; and they may vote against the tariff if the Republicans fail to offer the McNary-Haugen Bill. If it were not for the dilemma that confronts the Democrats in the Smith candidacy one would say that the Republicans would probably lose so many votes that they would lose the election.

As it is, when the past session began any sensible observer would have written of 1928 "certainly Republican." Now the prediction tapers down to "probably Republican." The next session of Congress may result in as much havoc to political predictions as this one has.

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The Gold Rush Puts on Dawg

Continued from page 11

her Pekingese dog with her and set out three claims which she later sold for $5,000. She owes her fortune in part to the dog and a badger hole. The dog found the hole and began digging. The rock he turned up looked good, and the claim was staked.

"Now I can finish paying for my home in Sacramento and be through with men," said Dorothy, with a hard smile.

Miss Cross, waiting until dawn and guided by her expert knowledge, struck out across the desert near Weepah and found a ledge. But she is going to operate it herself. She has formed her own mining company and will be Nevada's only woman mine manager.

In the darkness two cars raced side by side. In one was Ableman, the gambler; in the other Tonopah's railroad passenger agent, a member of the weekly luncheon club and solid business man. Both staked claims, and both have sold their holdings.

One other modern touch: The radio broadcast the news, and from every desert town, from remote crossroads, from prospect holes and from the cities came the second rush. Tents sprang up like mushrooms overnight.

One of the first was that of Barnes—"Bootleg Barnes" he was promptly nicknamed.

The nearest water to Weepah is four miles away, so you drink "Nevada dew" straight—fifty cents a shot. Of course competition soon arose, but for the first few days Barnes reaped a harvest.

Because of modern transportation the growth of Weepah, as a town, was slow compared with olden booms. Many gold seekers preferred to sleep in Tonopah, with its steam-heated rooms and hot baths, rather than to take chances with the cold, the sand and the winds of the desert—trying to keep warm over a fire of sagebrush and to clean by washing in a teacup with water at three cents a drink.

But also in Weepah you find the real desert rat, proud of the title: lean, hard and bronzed. There is Paddy McAuliffe. Born in County Kerry, he saw service in India and was a London jewelry salesman when the Goldfield excitement broke. His brother sent for him to help work some claims, and Paddy has been on the desert ever since.

"What did you know about mining when you reached Goldfield?" Paddy was asked.

Came the Irish of it: "Nothin', but whin in Rome just kape roamin' and you'll git there."

Ed McKelvey, Tonopah's second-hand dealer, who established Weepah's first store, sells cooking utensils, picks, shovels and a host of other things, including several round table tops, minus the legs, and a thirty-foot length of garden hose.

"What are you going to do with that?" he was asked.

"Oh, some sucker'll buy it."

McKelvey has been in every rush in Nevada for thirty years and always comes out rich. There are lots of second-hand goods to be bought when the bottom drops out of a boom.

He's a Hot-Dog Merchant

EDDIE BENANE, oldest of the desert rats in point of years in the sagebrush, is there too. He struck it rich at Goldfield, was one of the first into Rawhide and sold his Jarbridge mine for $100,000 some years ago. He's broke now, but keeps smiling and in his soft musical voice declares he will make it again in Weepah.

"Boy!" says another old-timer, "I sure picked me a lot of fractions out o' this mess. Got two today and I'll bet I grab a bunch more tomorrer."

It is "Fraction Jack" Reddy, brown as an Indian, a four-day growth of beard on his face. Jack is famous for his trick of following the surveyors who replace temporary monuments with permanent stakes. In a gold rush the claims are staked out in a more or less haphazard manner, and the lines do not always coincide. The space between is known as a fraction. Jack locates on these and sells them to those holding adjoining claims.

Up at the Weepah boarding house is Katherine Gamber. For seven years she had been cooking for Horton's men employed on the old workings.

Between meals she does fancywork, which she sells. The proceeds have been invested in real estate in Tonopah and Goldfield, and she has a comfortable income from rentals. Being on the ground she was early in the rush and has several claims.

Oscar Johnson, one of Weepah's first business men, is a hot-dog merchant. He is a product of the city and a fast worker. Oscar brought the first hot dogs to Weepah. His stand consisted of three suit cases, two on end and one laid across. A bun, a dog and a cup of coffee brought fifty cents, and his supply was exhausted an hour after he started business. Since then competition has cut the price in half.

"The Other Side of the Street"

THERE is little profiteering in Weepah, due to the ease in reaching Tonopah. Commodities sell for about a third above the prices charged in the Tonopah stores, water and whisky excepted. The former is not sold by the drink in "the city;" the latter seems to be standardized in Nevada at fifty cents a shot.

Night in Weepah is quiet, but in Tonopah life seethes.

Tonopah is divided by an invisible line in normal times, but at present all barriers are down and the business of buying and selling mines and other things is carried on wherever one goes.

Options are sold and resold during the night. The lobby resembles a miniature stock exchange. Competition is keen and quiet corners are at a premium, so much so that several deals are made in the hotel elevator.

Here again are met some of the men whose names are linked with the story of Nevada.

"Long Shorty" Zeb Kendall looms up head and shoulders above the crowd. He has probably won and lost more fortunes than any other man in the West. No old desert rat ever asked Zeb for a dollar without getting it, even if Zeb had to borrow it himself. He is a plunger of the first water and on one occasion in Goldfield bet $30,000 on a hand of poker.

"January" Jones is there short, squat, with powerful shoulders and chest, and keen eyes sparkling under a bushy growth of black eyebrows. Jones won his name by taking over the January lease on the Combination mine, one of the first in Goldfield. He made a million dollars, and is now a stockbroker living in San Francisco. But every gold rush finds him on the ground, buying and trading.

Al Myers is closing a deal for a claim. He was one of the discoverers of the Combination, and did three days' assessment work for which he was given 100,000 shares of stock. He later sold these for $400,000. In his Los Angeles home the doorknobs are of gold.

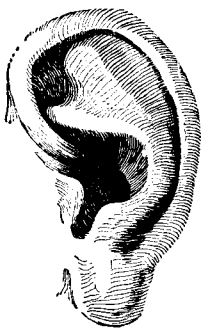
The next center of activity is the Tonopah Club. Several hundred men crowd into the place every night. There are hard-rock miners employed in the Tonopah deep mines; prospectors who have come in from Weepah for the night; clerks from the city stores; gamblers employed in the establishment and others looking for employment; cattlemen and sheep herders; nondescripts. Claim buyers from the hotel rush in and out during the night looking for men who have staked out gold lands.

Blackjack, poker (both stud and draw) and "pan" are played openly here, as Nevada excepts these games from the anti-gambling law.

Of course there is the usual bar, a part of which is given over to the business of a lunch counter.

"The other side of the street" is the designation Tonopah gives to that sec-

(*Continued on page 44*)



Your town will have one of these at Atlantic City next week

If you never heard of an ear lighting a street or making a pair of shoes, read on.

Atlantic City has an important job for ears. There they will hear how to change dark into light and how to start factory wheels going. The ear from your town will come back home with a new power to help build the town up.

The annual meeting of the National Electric Light Association is something you ought to know about. It is a meeting of several thousand electric light and power men who come from all over the country to discuss ways of improving their service to the public.

They exchange ideas. They report the latest developments in the industry. They consider live issues which affect you. They have tremendous problems of construction and finance to solve in meeting the nation's demand for service.

This same advertisement ran in Collier's five years ago. We reprint it today because it is equally true today—a fact which emphasizes the long standing regularity of N. E. L. A. annual conventions.

Emphasizes, too, the age of this particular set of advertisements, being run by this Company now for seven years—"in the interest of electrical development."

Published in the interest of electrical development. No. 110

GraybaR

ELECTRIC COMPANY
SUCCESSOR TO SUPPLY DEPT.
· Western Electric ·

Executive Offices:
Graybar Building, Lexington Ave. and 43rd St., New York City

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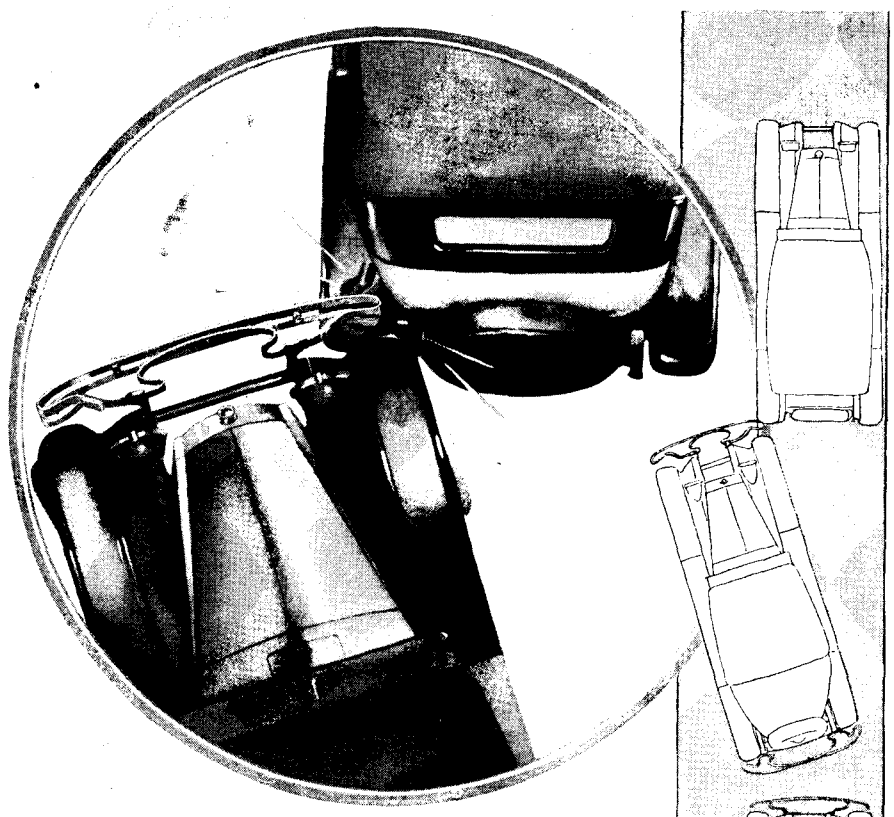
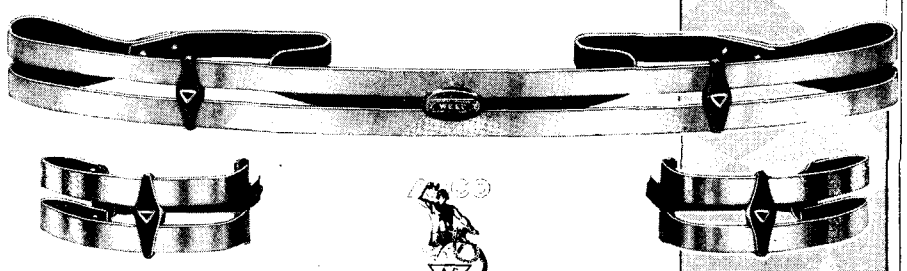


Every car needs Quality bumpers *fore and aft*

Cars that haven't sensible protection fore and aft soon look banged up and dilapitated. Bumpers and fenderguards must be strong and well made, to protect the car as they should. Bumper Attachments too must be properly designed — for if the attachment snaps off or loosens, the bumper is of little use. Ask for WEED Bumpers for your car. They stand up under every-day abuse.

WEED BUMPERS

Quality
Beauty
Strength



A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY Inc. in business for your safety

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, *Limited*, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada. *District Sales Offices:* Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco

Makers of WEED *Chains and* WEED *Levelizers*

The Gold Rush Puts on Dawg

Continued from page 43

tion of the city set apart for its night life; here are the dance halls and the cribs, the latter the usual two-room affair of the ordinary red-light district.

The girls of the dance halls are of two sorts, those who adhere to the profession of dancing as a means of livelihood and those who do not.

The former class is recruited chiefly from Hollywood. They include those who, failing to secure employment as extras, saw in the gold rush a chance to "load the ship," as the saying goes among them.

Etiquette of the dance hall requires that drinks be bought after every dance. The charge is a dollar and a half for two. The girl receives a ticket which she cashes in for fifty cents at the end of her day's shift. Fifteen to twenty dances a night, which is a fair average, means a good night's wage.

There are three main dance halls, the Casino, the Cottage and the Northern. A section of the main floor is given over to gambling tables—blackjack and poker being the games played. The girls are permitted to watch the playing but never to interfere with the players or dealers. Dancing and gambling run all night and a part of the day as well.

Two newspaper correspondents, invited to dinner at the home of a dance-hall proprietor, racked their memories for racy stories and passed jocular remarks concerning the proprieties of the occasion and their lack of proper attire for it.

But arrival at the house disclosed the host in dinner coat! The guests included two of the girls from the dance hall, who, with the hostess, were in evening clothes!

The hostess is a former actress and radio entertainer of wide experience and considerable culture. One of the girls had been in the pictures in Hollywood; she proved to be a girl of evident breeding and considerable background. The other was an Italian, born in Rome and educated in Dijon, France. In her off hours she reads De Maupassant, Maeterlinck and other masters and can discuss them with understanding.

The dinner, the guests, the conversation and all the incidents of the evening would have been a credit to any home in the country.

Three hours later, wandering down to the Casino, the correspondents met the girls again and danced and drank the night away.

Yes, a modern gold rush has its contrasts!

"We Have with Us Tonight"

Continued from page 10

would transpose his address into understandable English.

"The most peculiar platform mannerisms of any of the scores of celebrities I have managed were Lord Dunsany's. This noble Irish poet had come to the United States convinced that here arctic conditions reigned in mid-October. He wore underwear an inch thick, heavy tweed clothes and an overcoat of overwhelming fur. Pullman porters reaped a harvest wherever he traveled, for he bribed them to open the windows, and fellow passengers bribed them the other way.

"In my experience about the most ill-mannered foreigner was Winston Churchill, the present British Chancellor of the Exchequer. Churchill did fairly well, although his manner was rather offensively superior. He spoke with unreasoned contempt of America and Americans, although his own mother was a native of this country. What was more indiscreet, he wrote several letters to my father expressing the low esteem in which he held our Republic and its citizens. These letters he subsequently sought to recover, but they were never returned.

"Men like Jerome K. Jerome, John Galsworthy, Conan Doyle, Sir Philip Gibbs, and women like Mrs. Pankhurst, the suffrage leader, and Lady Gregory, the Irish producer, were a delight to manage.

"When John Galsworthy opened his lecture tour at Tremont Temple, Boston, I introduced him personally, although that is not generally my practice. A local celebrity is always better.

"Mr. Galsworthy sat patiently while I praised him for his magnanimity in devoting the proceeds of the lecture to a Near East charity but after the lecture he exhibited cold anger: he said I had no right to inform an audience that he was devoting the proceeds of his lectures to a charity. 'The American public, like the British,' he said, 'has been hoodwinked by that claim too long.'

"Later I learned that Mr. Galsworthy gave not the net proceeds of his tour to his favorite charity, but the gross. He paid traveling expense, hall rent and even my commissions as his manager.

Elbow rubbing with the great and near-great produces vision that penetrates glitter and gingerbread, discovers all human failings. Therefore after his years of close-upping the famed it is no small compliment when James B. Pond says that Rabindranath Tagore was first in culture and dignity.

"Although," he recalls, "there was one day when accident marred the courtly process of his tour. He had landed in Seattle from Japan, intent on getting $10,000 for his university in India through American lectures. He was amazingly popular, that sum being realized before he left the Pacific Slope.

"He brought with him one of his Bengali boys to act as his valet, and the youth did fairly well, managing Tagore's costly silken garments until we reached Santa Barbara.

On the night of the lecture, about half an hour before we were to start for the auditorium, I heard a terrific racket in the suite occupied by Tagore—shouting and whimpering and screams. I dashed in to see the great Hindu poet in a brocaded burnoose, his lean yellow legs pantless, jumping over beds, giving chase to the terrified boy, who, it developed, had packed the silken trousers in one bag and the silken coats in another. The trousers had been checked to Los Angeles, and all the poet had to wear was silk coats. He appeared that night, after his anger had cooled, in stout tweed pants topped by shimmering silk garments."

Sudden Fame is Deceptive

IT'S a commentary—not quite flattering—on our journalistic alertness that when Tagore made frank comments on American civilization in New York he was roundly criticized for publishing opinions the same day he landed. As a matter of fact, he had lived in Urbana, Ill., for a year, his son attending the University of Illinois.

"Mrs. Annie Besant and Krishnamurti, the latter-day messiah, were my most recent clients. Mrs. Besant is one of the most remarkable women living. Past eighty, she has managed to achieve her life's ambitions by sheer dint of personal force.

"One of my managers who traveled with her summarized her career interestingly. When she wanted the degree of doctor of literature and couldn't obtain it readily from existing universities, she founded her own, the University of Benares, and received the honor. When she realized that Masonry excluded women she originated her own order of Masonry and became a thirty-third degree member. Later, denied ad-

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mission to the priesthood, she and some of her associates started their own Liberal Catholic Church, whose ritual is hardly recognizable from that of the Roman Catholic Church, save in the language of the liturgy, which in her church is English. She became a priest in that and I saw her ponificate at a service in robes resplendently cardinalic.

"This, however, didn't satisfy her. She not only wanted her own church, but her own Christ. Hence Krishnamurti. Krishnamurti is a healthy, athletic young man of thirty, with a grip like steel. I still feel his first handshake. And he has wholesomely forthright emotions.

"When newspaper men gathered about him in Chicago they complained that he had given no manifestation of his messianic power in Chicago and that the public was disappointed.

" 'I don't give a damn what the public expects,' snapped Krishnamurti, in the best American oligarchic tradition. He owns five castles and a home at The Hague, a shooting lodge in Scotland and a ranch in California. So being a modern messiah has its compensations."

The saddest job that ever befell the Pond Lyceum Bureau was the management of Alfred Tennyson Dickens, son of the great novelist, Charles Dickens. At the time of the Dickens centenary some years ago this gentleman, rather advanced in years, was discovered destitute in a remote Australian town. He was bathed and dressed up and sent to America for a lecture tour.

Quite naturally Dickens enthusiasts were eager to hear the son of their literary idol. But the son was totally unfamiliar with his father's works, having been sent to the Antipodes as a remittance man when quite young. He was shy and awkward and shifted attention from himself as much as possible. He died in America before the conclusion of his tour.

Mr. Pond has found sudden fame deceptive. When Alcock and Brown succeeded in making the first airplane flight across the Atlantic, after Hawker, the Australian, had failed, Pond was in London. The newspapers there were filled with the exploit. Brown, an American, was knighted. Pond promptly engaged him to lecture in his native country, brought him over and was astonished to find Americans indifferent. The tour failed almost before it started.

On the contrary, Captain Alfred F. B. Carpenter—the English naval commandant whose brilliant exploit in the harbor at Zeebrugge during the war made him famous—was a glorious success.

"Nowadays lyceum bureaus cannot profitably tackle large organizations. We took on the Royal Welsh Choir for a season, but had to give it up. The lads and lassies were sweet singers, but their appetites were abnormal. They ate up all the profits.

"People are weary of imported celebrities unless they are, regardless of fame, good showmen. The tendency turns now to explorers. Commander Byrd is a great favorite and a splendidly modest young man when we consider his achievement of being the first to fly over the North Pole. Sir Alan Cobham is popular, but forgetful of engagements at times. He forgot all about a date with me and Washington officials, so cordial had been his reception at a stop-over in Philadelphia.

"The best time for those with literary fame to cash in as lecturers is either when they are at the peak or when they are broke. Jerome K. Jerome came here almost bankrupt. He lectured, met David Belasco and David Warfield, and got the idea for The Passing of the Third Floor Back. That play restored his fortunes.

Vachel Lindsay, the only American, I think, besides Mark Twain who has succeeded as a lecturer in Europe, was in huge demand at the crest of his fame and knew how to stir his audiences, leading them, aisle against aisle, in the chanting of his own poems.

The Public Will Always Pay

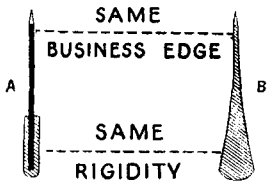
"WE HAVE handled them all, the greatest and the humblest, and as a rule the most renowned have the most humility—like Conrad, who would never speak in public. And the higher they come the more easily they adapt themselves to American life. Prince Aage of Denmark, husband of Princess Xenia and a member of royalty, was bored stiff by formal receptions. After his lectures he was invariably to be found in some basement restaurant having the time of his life over a cheap table d'hôte with 'red ink.'

"I learned my lesson long ago after many failures with foreign celebrities of the temperamental type. Now I make no annual lion-hunting trips to London and the Mediterranean. I follow the American pulse, find out what Americans want and try to give it to them. The radio has swept an almost overwhelming competition down on us, for people who can hear lectures over the air do not always feel like paying good money to pack distant halls to hear them.

"But human curiosity persists, and the public will always pay to satisfy it. They want to be able to see, hear and touch their celebrities. My father, who could spend more money without dissipating than any other man I ever knew, said that years ago, before movies and radio dominated the field of entertainment. It is just as true although not quite as profitable a maxim today."

Father (who has been celebrating the happy occasion): "What! Twins?"

An inch *and a* half *of a* Barber's Razor



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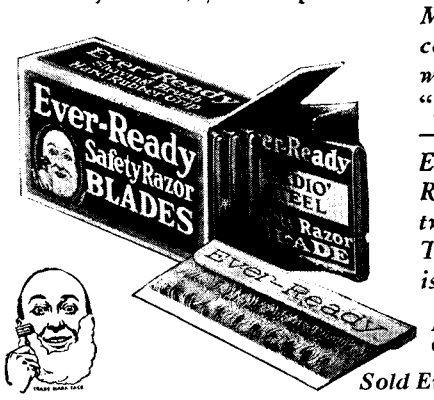
EVER-READY will convert you to better shaving. A positive revelation awaits the man who is too indulgent with the poor blades in the razor he has "always used". De Luxe Safety Razor, $1 Complete.



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2½" x ¼" { Packard / Straight 8	1.50	.95	.75
2½" x 3/16" { Hudson / Lincoln	1.10	.69	.55
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Twin Wives

Continued from page 22

how many lovers have made that remark," she murmured.

"Millions."

"And how many of them were disillusioned?"

"None of them."

"Divorce means nothing, then?" she inquired.

He shook his head. "We may think love dies, because we are no longer aware of its continued existence. But because we have lost sight of it doesn't prove that it's really gone. If this house burned down, the things that made it, the vital elements, would still exist, though in another form."

"But the illusion of a home would be gone," she argued. "And so, if two people are unhappy how can you say that they have not been disillusioned?"

"Perhaps they are for a while, but what do we know of eternity? How do we know that true lovers are not united again?"

"Oh, you're just saying words now," she chided him.

"Using up time that might be better spent?"

She had thought herself a mistress of verbal fencing, but he was as expert as she. Each conversational thrust she made was parried neatly, and she was on the defensive. His last question was one to which he expected an obvious answer. That answer must not be made.

Over an hour had elapsed since they had escaped from the wedding guests. It might be another hour before Eleanor telephoned. Abruptly she brushed her hand across her forehead.

The gesture, unplanned, was more efficacious than any carefully thought out plot could have been. Dean, expectant, eager for an assent which would mean a further yielding of herself, exclaimed in quick sympathy:

"You poor darling. What a selfish brute I am! To forget all about your headache!"

He was all solicitude now; the conquering lover had vanished, his place taken by a sympathetic friend.

Cynthia, hating herself for the lie, touched her forehead again.

"Silly of me, but all the excitement—"

"You'd better lie down," he suggested anxiously.

She feigned a proper reluctance.

"You won't be lonesome?"

She regretted the question instantly it was put, but Dean's anxiety for her made him ignore the unmeant coquetry.

"Never mind about me. You're the one to be thought of. Here I've been bothering you when you should have been asleep."

ALONE in the bedroom which was an exact copy of Eleanor's room in the Sanver house, Cynthia marveled anew at Eleanor's preference for another man. Never could there have been such consideration and kindliness. Then she realized that she was exaggerating a normal gentleness. Probably Eleanor exaggerated trivialities in the character of Phil Jennings. However, it was no time in which to wonder at Eleanor or to pity herself because a love that could never be realized had entered into her life. The only thing to be thought of now was an escape from her hideous predicament.

That escape could come only by the aid of Eleanor. And as minute after minute passed, until more than two hours had followed since she had heard from the wife whose identity she had adopted, Cynthia's headache ceased being a fiction and became a very real fact.

Suppose Eleanor telephoned now and asked her double to continue the deception for another couple of hours? What then? Would she refuse?

Just how far would she go in support of Eleanor's insanity?

Once again Cynthia felt a revival of hatred toward the other girl. Why was life so stupid? And why had people, with their conventions, done so much to add to life's stupidity? Why was it an unthinkable thing that she should go to Dean, relate her incredible story, and that they two should cleave to each other?

But this was self-pity and to this ignoble feeling she would not give way. She leaped from the bed on which she had been half reclining and walked nervously up and down the room. More minutes had flown by, and still there had been no word from Eleanor. She saw that there was a telephone, cunningly hidden in a cupboard by the head of the bed, similar to that recess in Eleanor's room in her father's house. On impulse she opened the door, looked up the Burlingame in the telephone book. Then she put the instrument down.

Mary was not here to guard the door and the hall outside against a possible listener. Words might be exchanged over the wire that might arouse suspicion. Moreover, suppose she got Eleanor on the telephone and Eleanor, relying on that strange bond between them of whose existence she had been so quickly and completely aware, refused to leave the bedside of her lover? Even as she felt that her determination was rigid Cynthia wondered if it might not become pliable.

SHE might find herself unable to refuse to remain in the house a little while longer. But if she left the house, went to Phil Jennings' hotel and saw Eleanor face to face, her resolution would not waver. She didn't know why this was so, but felt that it was a fact. Perhaps it was because, having once departed from this house, a return would become an offense infinitely greater than remaining in it without departure.

She slipped on the hat which she had removed a while ago. She opened the door of her room and looked out. Down the hall, from Dean's study at the rear of the house, she could hear through half-opened doors the sounds of someone moving. It must be Dean. For a moment she debated the idea of telling him that her headache was so great that she was going to take a walk in the open air. But he would, of course, suggest that he accompany her. Refusal might be difficult.

Leaving the house without notice to him might seem strange, but the explanation would be up to Eleanor, not to herself. Also, she was sick of deceit and barefaced lying. Even a lie white by comparison with the great lie that she had been living for the past few hours was a thing to be avoided. Even to tell this man that she had a headache galled her.

At the head of the stairs she turned and from her finger tips blew a kiss toward the study. She would never see him again. Oh, she would take care of that! In the years to come the poignant anguish of longing for him might be assuaged. This wafted caress, which he would never know about, would be her farewell. Lest she burst into tears, she ran swiftly down the stairs.

Two flights below the liveried servant who had admitted the bridal couple to their new home looked at her in surprise. It was perhaps necessary to make no explanation whatsoever, but Cynthia's nervousness was so great that to hide it she spoke to the man with an elaborate nonchalance.

"Going out for a short walk," she said.

If the man thought it strange that the bride should leave the groom so soon after their arrival here, he was too well trained to show his amazement. He simply opened the door for her departure.

She walked rapidly to the corner, turned it, went a block north and there, on Park Avenue, picked up a taxicab. She told the man to drive her to the Burlingame on Lexington Avenue, and ten minutes later was speaking to the clerk at the desk of that shabby hostelry.

"Mr. Jennings' room?" she asked.

The clerk stared at her. Into his shifty eyes crept bewilderment.

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"What's the big idea? Leave something there?"

Cynthia caught the implication of his words instantly. Of course he took her for Eleanor. Then a further implication, inspired by his manner, came to her.

"Because if you left anything," the clerk went on, "it's gone. Two women have been cleaning the place—it was like a slaughterhouse—and if they'd found anything it would have been turned in here at the desk."

So—this was the second implication—Eleanor and her lover had left the hotel. Before she had time to think she put a question to the man.

"Where did they go?"

"Where did who go?" The clerk wrinkled his brows. "You took Jennings away. You ought to know where he went?" His eyes looked a vague suspicion. "What sort of an act is this, anyway? You come down to see him in one dress, you come back in another, and now you're wearing the first dress again."

She took what later she thought was the only correct way out of the situation. Turning on her heel, she walked swiftly out of the building. Her impulse was to question the man, ask when Jennings had departed, how it had been possible to remove a dying man. But she resisted the impulse, and on reflection was glad that she had done so, for

James Warner Bellah

tells of the way in which his warrior solved the problem of a laundry bill. Original! Daring!

Boppo Refuses"

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

that vague suspicion in the clerk's eyes might have defined itself into something more active than suspicion.

As it was, she had an uneasy feeling that the man might detain her. After all, the crime of attempted suicide had been committed on the premises; Cynthia didn't know what penalties might be attached to the commission of such an offense or to what extent Eleanor might be involved in Jennings' transgression, in the eyes of the law. She didn't regain her shattered composure until she had turned into Twenty-third Street and on that crowded thoroughfare felt herself secure from pursuit.

But of course, she reassured herself as she progressed toward Madison Square, there was no possible reason why any attaché of the hotel should follow her. Then—and her step quickened momentarily—she thought of blackmail. Eleanor, on her first appearance at Jennings' hotel, had been obviously expensively dressed. Cynthia now was wearing Eleanor's clothing. Blackmail might easily pop into the head of the hotel clerk. Furtively she glanced behind her, and was not calm again until she was in a taxicab obtained from the rank on the south side of the square.

Not that she was really calm even now, for as soon as she felt secure against being spied upon a thousand fears replaced that comparatively minor one.

Where had Eleanor gone? Where had she taken Phil Jennings? If Jennings died, what would Eleanor do? There must have been doctors—one at least—and a nurse involved. Had these helped Eleanor take Jennings away? And why had the supposedly dying man been removed from the Burlingame? Surely he would have been endangered by the jolting of transference, no matter how carefully it was carried out.

A previous thought recurred to her: attempted self-destruction was a crime; perhaps it was to avoid the consequence of crime that the desperate risk of moving Jennings had been taken. Still, if the hotel people had not already informed the police, what had made Eleanor think that they would later tell the authorities?

PERHAPS, though, Jennings had been taken to some hospital. But in that case an ambulance would have been summoned, Cynthia thought, and the clerk would have made some remark to indicate that.

But more important than any of this was something else: why hadn't Eleanor telephoned her? It was hard to believe that, even with Jennings dying before her eyes, Eleanor would be so reckless of the consequences of discovery of the deceit being practiced upon Carey that she would fail to keep her word to Cynthia.

Yet she had done so. And not because of the strain of witnessing Jennings' disillusion; the fact that the wounded man had been removed seemed to indicate that his condition had improved.

But why, then?

The question was unanswerable, unless Cynthia chose to believe that Eleanor had become suddenly utterly reckless, not cautiously daring, although one could hardly characterize her daring as being mitigated with much caution. Still, she had not embarked upon a prolonged absence from her husband without placing Cynthia in the center of the bridal festivities. She had not intended to leave her husband for long, apparently, when in response to Jennings' frantic letter, she had slipped away from her father's home.

It was hardly credible, no matter how much she loved Jennings, that she would have remained with him unless the miracle of Cynthia had happened. As she phrased the thought, Cynthia's lips curled at the word she had chosen. Miracles had to do, she thought, with goodness, and there was nothing of goodness in the part that she had been playing this day.

Well, it was a part that could no longer be played. She had gone with Dean Carey to the new Carey home; she had stayed there more than two hours; she had submitted to an embrace and returned it. Her cheeks burned now at memory of that embrace, and she hated herself because her blush was less of shamed embarrassment than of agony because it could never have a repetition.

She had given Eleanor ample time, and the tragic farce, so far as Cynthia was concerned, was ended. She would return to her shabby little flat on Forty-eighth Street.

Her lips parted in excitement. Why, of course, that would be the obvious destination of Eleanor. She would, if she was to escape the prying curiosity of the employees of the Burlingame, take Jennings to Cynthia's apartment.

She leaned forward and instructed the taxi man, whom first she had told to drive her up Fifth Avenue, to take her to West Forty-eighth Street. There she would find Eleanor, and there she would become Cynthia Brown again and Eleanor would take up those responsibilities which she had evaded the last few hours.

That is—and doubt and fear crept into her mind—if her reasoning proved correct and she found Eleanor. But what if it wasn't correct? What if she didn't find Eleanor?

But these were questions that she even refused to put to herself as yet.

(To be continued next week)

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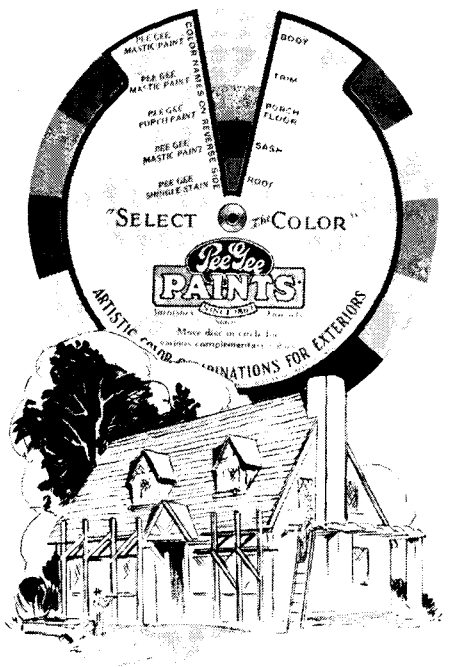

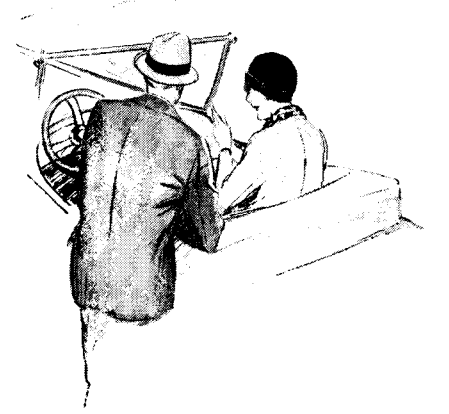

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The Church Nobody Knows

Continued from page 26

should be still a headquarters for spiritual inspiration, an oasis of reverence, a giver of peace.

4. Business checks up on itself frequently to be sure that it still is headed for its original goals.

Is there not need for a similar check on the part of the church? Has it not somehow managed, in the corrosion of the ages, to get itself turned around so that the emphasis of Jesus is reversed?

He genuinely liked people. He was happy when they were happy.

The disciples broke the Sabbath laws and indulged in walking, the only kind of Sabbath athletics that existed in those days. He was with them. The guests at a country wedding were warm and joyous from their wine. He contributed to their merriment. The woman taken in adultery had merited stoning under the church law. But he shamed her accusers out of the room and, lifting her tenderly to her feet, bade her go and sin no more.

To the natural, normal, human frailties of men and women, the frailties that arise out of the eager, childlike desire to catch a fleeting moment of happiness in this rather cruel world, Jesus showed an amazing pity and forgiveness. But He denounced with words as bitter as any that have ever been spoken the sins that make life harder for other people, the respectable, profitable sins—greed and selfishness and oppression. For these He had no forgiveness.

Too often the church has got it all turned around. Rich men, greedy men, hard-hearted men are in its ranks and often in positions of authority and honor. The great forces of its organized power are exerted for what? To keep people who like wine and who consider that there is no moral wrong in drinking it from having any. To suppress Sunday games. To be very bitter and unforgiving toward the girl who yields to the impulses of hot blood. These things, which Jesus regarded as of less importance, have become the law. And the other and greater sins usually go unrebuked.

I think, as I reread that paragraph, that it is an overstatement. Not all preachers nor all churches have distorted the emphasis of Jesus; not all have set up the Anti-Saloon League as the dictator of their spirits, nor the Volstead Law as the first and most important of the commandments. If there be overstatement I apologize for it, but I shall let it stand.

5. Any business is terribly concerned if there be the slightest depreciation in the quality of the men who enter its ranks. The leading corporations send emissaries every year to the colleges to spy out the leaders and seek to apprentice them. There can be no permanent business success with poor men.

It has been said so often as to be hackneyed that the ministry no longer attracts strong men. The decline in the quality of preachers has been steady for a century. A hundred years ago the best men in every college class headed for the pulpit; it was the place of power. Fifty years ago some of the best men and many good men became preachers. For the past twenty years the record has been a sad one, both in quantity and in quality. Of the men who were in college when I was, only one leader went into the ministry. Naturally he moved straight to the top, and big city churches have been bidding for him since his thirtieth year.

The church must have better leaders; all its friends are in agreement on that. Why doesn't it get them?

First, because of the archaic and absurd hurdles that are put up to keep strong men from the ministry—the traditional emphasis upon creed. A convention of ministers gathers to examine candidates, and what is the first question? "Do you believe in the Virgin Birth?" This is an important part of church doctrine for many people, but was it important to Jesus? The record does not say so. Did He stand at the door of Matthew's feast and stop all comers, saying: "Just a minute. Do you believe in the Virgin Birth? If not, you may not enter." Did He say: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and believe in the Virgin Birth and I will give you rest?" No.

Yet the Virgin Birth occupies whole days in church conventions, dividing men into bitter factions and keeping young men out of the ministry.

What sort of questions would Jesus be likely to ask of ministerial candidates? Speaking very reverently, it seems as if he might be interested in points like these:

"Could you conduct a successful carpenter shop or fishing business? Have you demonstrated that you can make a success of any business?

"You are going into the business of life at the top. You are essaying the highest and most difficult of all human endeavors. Would it not be wise for you first to demonstrate your capacity to handle little things before reaching up for the greatest?

"Do little children love you and follow you around?

"Do sick people feel better or worse when you come into the room?"

Nobody Kicks a Dead Horse

THESE questions reach down toward the sources of Jesus' own power and success. He would be a strong, self-reliant man who would answer them all in the affirmative. But the church is not looking for such men; its present creedal tests are not calculated to select them.

The second reason that the church doesn't get better leaders is that the present conditions of its service do not attract them.

To be the private chaplain of twenty-five or fifty families; to make pastoral calls and attend meetings of women's auxiliaries; to conduct prayer meetings for a dozen completely saved and sanctified old people; to live shabbily and be worried about the education of the children and the burdens of old age—this is not the life to appeal to a high-spirited man. There is no lift in it, no power, nothing to tempt men to trade for it the only life on earth that they will ever have. They feel they are living at only half capacity, yet are powerless to do more. One sympathizes with them, but one is compelled to recognize frankly that so long as their situation is what it is strong young men are not going to flock into the ministry.

Now on the positive side, it should be emphasized that the church has a greater recuperative power than any other institution in the world. Indeed, the best proof of its divine origin is not creed or tradition, but its amazing capacity for withstanding the blows dealt to it by its friends.

Read the epistles of St. Paul; what do they contain? Much doctrinal guidance, much inspiration, much spiritual food. But with all this much reproach and exhortation. Paul had heard with dismay that there was a church squabble in one city, that another congregation was growing lax, that a third was being seduced by the pleasures of the pagan world. Take certain passages out of the letters and put them all together, and they make a picture of religious conditions almost as sad as any that a modern alarmist could paint. The Middle Ages, outwardly so dominated by the church, were spiritually barren, soiled by greed and disgraced by ignorance and intolerance. Even in the times of our great-grandparents religious interest ebbed and flowed. In 1800 there was only one professing Christian in the student body of Yale!

So religion has always been on trial; the church always fighting a hard battle, truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne.

When that great thinker and prophet Professor Rauschenbusch once started an address on the social aspects of Christianity he was interrupted by a socialist who bitterly attacked the church.

"Nobody kicks a dead horse," said the professor quietly, and proceeded to deliver his paper.

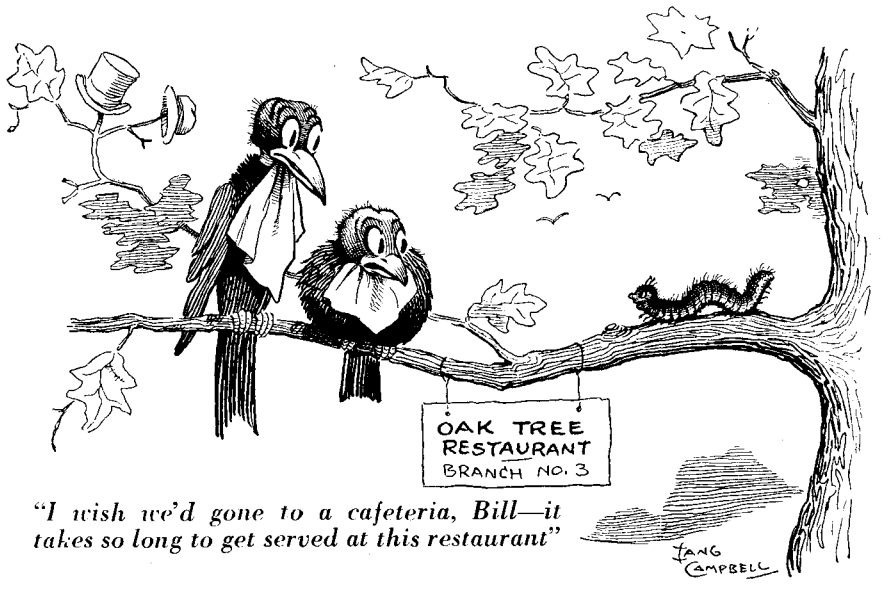
He was right. Nobody takes the trouble to attack a dead institution. So long as vigorous and even emphatic discussion goes on inside the church and outside, you may be sure that the church is still very much alive.

Discussion and even disagreement are inherent in the very nature of Christianity. The early church had hardly begun its existence when a serious doctrinal controversy broke out.

Paul had been in far countries teaching, and criticisms about him drifted back to Jerusalem. He was allowing converts to join the church without insisting on certain rites which the stricter disciples held essential. A conference was called. Paul made his defense, and a tolerant working arrangement was arrived at. In Jerusalem they would continue to teach the strict doctrine, but out in the missionary fields Paul was to be allowed such latitude as the different conditions seemed to require. So the two factions agreed to disagree with mutual affection and respect.

The Jerusalem church held rigidly to the form of the law, ceased to grow and soon died out. It was the churches established by Paul, the first heretic, which lived and spread and conquered the world.

That fact has both significance and encouragement in the present situation —significance because it shows that without change comes death; encouragement because it proves the vitality of a gospel which can take root in the most hostile soil and grow and spread until



"I wish we'd gone to a cafeteria, Bill—it takes so long to get served at this restaurant"

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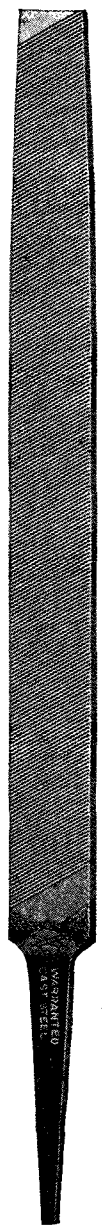
Television



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it overshadows even the empire itself.

In a previous article we dealt impersonally with the history of the church, setting forth its failures and seeking to strike a balance between its sins and its services. We concluded that it deserves to survive, that it still remains the inspiration of democracy, benevolence and high ideals. In this article, which has dealt very frankly with the shortcomings of the current situation, as a business man's survey would reveal them, we desire to reaffirm that conviction. The church cannot and will not die. Men are, as they always have been, "incurably religious."

The obligation of those who seek a better world is not to stand outside and criticize but to stay inside and work for more courageous thinking, a greater willingness to discard the useless and a larger faith—a faith which believes in God enough to be very sure that even if the forms which we think of as traditional church "service" should pass out of the picture a nobler and more serviceable church will inevitably arise.

In what form might that nobler church appear? If we could look a hundred years into the future, what sort of church should we see? These are questions beyond any human power to answer. He who essays the rôle of prophet finds himself generally discredited and ridiculous.

Yet I have not hesitated to say positively that the church of the future will be very different from the church of today, and there is a certain obligation on me, perhaps, to indicate in broad outline what, in my imagination, might come to pass.

Let us cast aside all fear and allow our imaginations to run riot. It is only by this process that the scientists make their great discoveries.

I know one of these scientists intimately. He is associated with a great industry. They gave him one day the problem of reducing the cost of automobiles by shortening the time necessary to put the automobile body through the paint shops. It required at that period thirty-five days to put the finish on a fine body, for each coat of varnish had to dry and be baked before the next coat could be applied.

He said, "What we ought to look for is a finish that can be applied in an hour."

They laughed him to scorn, but he stuck to his point.

"If you start out to make a 10 per cent improvement in any situation you will make no improvement, but if you start out to make a 100 per cent improvement, or a 500 per cent improvement, you may achieve the 10 per cent."

What Business Should Do

THE result of that sort of thinking, plus an endless amount of patient research, was a new automobile finish which dries so quickly that it must be squirted under pressure from a hose. The problem was solved and all car owners are driving better automobiles at lower prices because of the immense reduction in costs which was thus achieved. Let us apply audacious thinking to the possible future of the church.

There is a town, let us say, of five thousand people where the pastors gather in a secret and confidential meeting, and say to each other: "The time has come for us to sit down frankly and face the facts. What is the situation?

"The town is more prosperous than ever; its people are busy and, on the whole, happy; the standards of business are infinitely higher than when the church was in its glory. No present-day business man would ever think of investing money in the slave trade or the rum trade. Yet deacons of the church were once eminent in both.

"Children are better fed and better cared for in every way. Health is better. Schools are better. More money is spent on the relief of sickness and old age. Life is more comfortable, more healthful and more worth while for the great body of the inhabitants. All this looks as if God is making progress with His plans. For surely the end of His plan is a happy, kindly, sympathetic and hopeful race. HE progresses, but THE CHURCH does not. Why this seeming contradiction? Let us go into the town and find out.

"Let us put it up frankly to the business men. Let us say to them: 'You believe in God. You want your children to grow up believing. Not a man of you would want to live or do business in a town without a church, but it appears that you do not want the kind which we are conducting. All right. It is your town, not ours. Suppose you disregard all tradition, forget even us preachers, and tell us what kind of a church would render a service of which people would feel sufficient need so that they would support it.'"

We shall suppose that the situation begins to go through a process of evolution. Experiments are tried and improvements made. Years pass. A hundred years. Let us look at the town again.

Looking Forward 100 Years

IT IS a very much better-looking town. A hundred years of industrial progress have produced a great deal of wealth, which, while it is still unevenly divided, is sufficiently spread around so that everybody has a comfortable home, good clothes and the ability to provide education for the children. Machinery has been so perfected that the work, both in factory and home, is done in five or six hours, and there is leisure for everybody.

Indeed, the so-called economic struggle is over. Money is, as the bankers say, "cheap." It is no longer a ruling consideration in men's minds. The profit motive is still important, but pride in service rendered has become even more important. Men are very jealous of the reputation of their businesses and have toward their daily occupations a feeling of real reverence. To be merely wealthy is no longer a distinction. But excellence in service is eagerly sought and rewarded with honor.

Medical science has almost banished pain. You are impressed, as you walk the streets, with the happiness in the faces of the people. They enjoy their lives. They keep young a long time and when they die there are tears in the eyes of those left behind but no despair in their hearts.

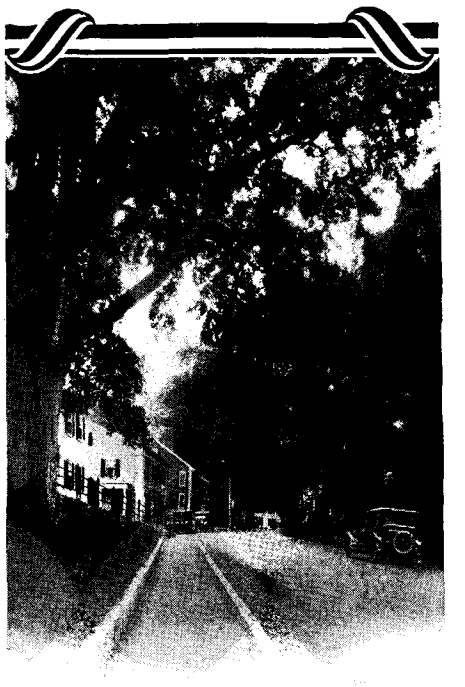
The cemetery is no longer a ghastly stoneyard, but a beautiful park. Children play in it. Every detail and symbol speaks not of death but of life. The inhabitants think of their loved ones as living, not dead, and a funeral service consists usually of a dinner where the pastor and one or two intimate friends speak appreciatively of the friend who has gone. Good stories are often told. Believing in immortality, these people, curiously enough, ACT as if they believed.

There is one church. In the rear of it is a Sunday-school building which is used for the religious instruction of the youth and for nothing else. No entertainments are held in it, no socials, no bazaars, no motion-picture shows. The church attempts to do nothing which other agencies can do as well or better. It confines itself exclusively to the one thing which no other institution can do, the spiritual training and inspiration of the people.

The church building itself is not large, for very few people attend any single service. It is open all day, and men and women drop in at various times, sit down for a few minutes, listen to the great organ which is played all day long, kneel in silent prayer, and go out. Religion is accepted as a perfectly normal part of life; or, to state it more accurately, is regarded AS life. Men pray as they breathe or eat or take their morning exercise. That there is a spiritual side to their natures, they know, and they know it must be fed.

Every home, office, factory and store has its radio, of course, and its device for receiving by radio the pictures of any distant person or scene and projecting them on the wall. So on entering an office a few minutes before nine o'clock a strain of music greets your ears, the voice of a great church organ. It is followed by a moment of silence, and then there appears on the wall the figure of the pastor in his pulpit. He makes a very simple little prayer, the

(*Continued on page 50*)



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The Church Nobody Knows

Continued from page 49

kind of prayer which Nehemiah (who wasn't a prophet but just a business man) used to make on beginning his day's work at the rebuilding of Jerusalem: "Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day." So the prayer in our town is a simple prayer, but the whole town pauses for it, and the day's work starts with the reminder that work is service: honest, useful, cheerful service—religious service.

The pastor is a remarkable character. He wears no special uniform, but you would not need to have him pointed out in order to know him. There is something in his face which proclaims him as a confident citizen of two worlds.

He is about fifty years of age, for no man reaches the ministry in these days until he is well toward forty. It is recognized as the greatest and most honored of professions, and one must have proved superior qualities in business or professional work before even being admitted to training.

The training consists of a study of the Bible and particularly the life of Christ, followed by two or three years in the Orient, where mysticism has always had its home, and men find it somehow easier to forget themselves in the contemplation of the Infinite.

A preacher comes from that training with the glow of the other world about him. He comes not to DO something, or to SAY something, but to BE something.

He has power to perform miracles, to feed the hungry and cure the sick—power through money. A generous fund is given into his hands every year. He renders no accounting.

Needless to say, his own family's needs are amply provided for. He and they have no private cares of their own at all, but the community casts its spiritual burdens upon their shoulders and they bear them gladly.

On Sunday the pastor conducts three short services in the morning, beginning at six o'clock, and three in the late afternoon and evening. One may go at any time into the sunshine and rejoice in the day. He is not a preacher; he is pastor and priest. People come to him in the sanctity of his study with their troubles and their sins; and when he says to them, "Your Father has forgiven you, go and sin no more," they know that he KNOWS.

Once a year he makes a report, and a curious sort of church report it is. It says nothing of attendance at meetings, of amounts collected, of numbers added to the church. For the town is the church and the church is the town, and all, being children of the Father, are born into the fold. No, the report speaks of quite other matters: of the improvements in the community health and the lowered infant mortality; of the betterments in the schools; of the steady employment in the offices and factories; of the gifts that the town has made to less fortunate people in other places and lands; of the good record that the town's boys and girls are making in the cities; of the moral courage of some who have undergone difficulties with cheerfulness; of the fine hope with which others have passed beyond the pale; of everything which indicates that life is better, happier, more courageous, more Godlike in the community—everything which indicates that He who came that men might have life more abundantly is realizing the object for which He came.

At the close the pastor blesses them all, and there is a moment's silence. Then the buzz of happy voices and the music of children's laughter.

Is this an impossible picture? I do not think so. Certainly no one can say that it is "unscriptural." Jesus asked, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" He did not ask, "Shall He find a morning service at eleven o'clock, an evening service at seven, a mid-week prayer meeting and a young people's society?" But, "Shall he find faith?"

He shall!

Another article by Bruce Barton will appear in an early issue

Heaven Will Protect . . .

Continued from page 17

"It won't be long; and I don't like to let Zeke Foster down."

"She won't just stick around; she's so eager she'll be gumming up other people's work. And I never worked with Zeke Foster on the old Sun."

"I'll say this, she's true to Zeke," Sedlitz observed.

"Good girl!" said Harlow. "We might let her run errands—huh! Sedlitz, does Madame Suchard speak English?"

"She calls it English."

"All right—we'll send Miss Tappan to look at her nose and bluff an interview; then she can go around and get the real one from Hymie. You sign it, and everybody's happy."

Everybody was; and happiest of all was Carol Tappan, who knew that this was her accolade. She had made good.

"Of course," Sedlitz explained, "I'll have to sign it. But I'll tell everybody you got it—even tell my wife."

The great lady, bowered in luxury, was so overpowering that Carol could do little but gasp and stammer.

Afterward she called on Hymie, bringing back a handful of copy and a memory of glittering black eyes that roved over her with disconcerting boldness. But she forgot that in the labor of rewriting his copy; she had never supposed writing would be so hard—and somehow it couldn't seem very important now. Gone was the ambition to be a staff writer on Sophistica; that glimpse of Velma Suchard's splendor had shown her that the stage was the road to glory, for a girl who had to make a career to give up for Victor.

EZEKIEL FOSTER read over the batch of typescript that was to be the beginning of his new novel, and tore it up. That first inspiration was gone; he couldn't think any more about girls whose blue eyes looked up trustfully through black lashes; wise, tolerant gray-green eyes kept getting in the way. It was no use; he didn't know what Mrs. Kendall meant to do with him, but she could do it. . . . He reached for the telephone.

"Regent 72377, please." After four "busies" and three "don't answers," he learned that Regent 72377 had been discontinued. A dozen people he knew could tell him where she had gone, but he was ashamed to ask them. But hadn't she a sister in—where was it?—Mamaroneck?

"Mr. Foster?" The sister's voice was dubious; clearly Alida had never mentioned him. "Why, Mrs. Kendall is in Paris. . . . She sailed ten days ago. . . . Yes, she's given up her apartment; she's going to be gone indefinitely."

Might as well go through with it, thought Mr. Foster grimly.

"Where in Paris?" he asked.

MAURICE SEDLITZ sauntered up to Carol's desk.

"You didn't quite understand," he

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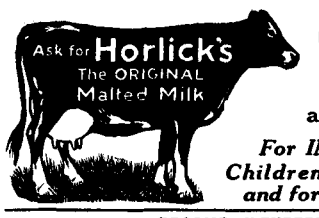

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told her. "You weren't to rewrite Hymie's copy—he knew just what I wanted. Where's what he wrote?"

"Oh, dear! I threw it away. . . . I'm so sorry, Mr. Sedlitz! I never—"

"There, there!" Sedlitz wouldn't crush a butterfly. "I'll send up for his carbon. With that and your eyewitness story of her nose we'll be all right. . . . How did you like her?"

"I thought she was wonderful . . . her apartment especially. . . . Mr. Sedlitz, do you suppose I could get into a revue? If only you could give me a note to Mr. Bamberg—"

"Now, my dear!" His paternal hand patted her shoulder. "You don't—"

"Oh, there you are!" boomed a bell-like voice from the doorway. Mr. Sedlitz turned red and drifted toward his wife like a rowboat swept in the current toward Niagara.

"They told me I'd find you here," she said. "About that lease—"

As he walked with her through the office she explained about that lease; but when they were alone in the outer corridor, by the elevators—

"Well!" Her voice was icy. "Another one!"

"Madeleine, I was only calling that girl down for a stupid blunder—"

"This is Wednesday," his wife interrupted. "I'll give you till the first of the week. If you haven't got this girl fired by then, I'll fire her."

The next morning he sidled cautiously up to Carol's desk.

"You understand I don't advise it, Miss Tappan; but if you're really serious about wanting to get into a revue—"

"Oh, Mr. Sedlitz! Could you really?"

"I know Bamberg pretty well," he said. (Indeed he knew one episode of Bamberg's financial history too well for Bamberg's comfort.) "I'll give you a note; he might be able to do something for you."

Mr. Bamberg, fat and grinning like a possum, didn't seem to take her seriously, but some day he would.

"Anything to oblige Morrie Sedlitz!" He laughed, and Hymie beside him dutifully laughed the echo of the yes man. "Of course I can't give you anything much—"

"I understand that, Mr. Bamberg. And I'm not afraid of work."

"Think you can stand the gaff? It's hard work, and you may not like some of it. You look well in clothes, but you might have to—"

"I see nothing immodest about the human body," said Carol simply. "To the pure all things are pure."

"I have always felt that way myself," Bamberg told her. "Report to Mr. Wilson downstairs." Hymie followed her out, his eyes glittering.

"Hymie!" Bamberg called; and Hymie came back. "Lay off that," Bamberg commanded. "Sedlitz's girl, you fool. I've got enough to worry about with this crazy Frenchwoman; I don't want Sedlitz on my back."

CAROL loved her job, even though rehearsing for Bamberg's Bandwagons of 1927 was the hardest work she had ever done in her life. Hard work, but worth while; and they were all so wonderfully kind! Even the drill masters at whose command she marched and danced were kind to her. (Word had gone forth from Bamberg to go easy on Sedlitz's girl.)

Kindest of all—and so unobtrusive! —was Hymie. He rarely spoke to her, and then only to offer a word or two of technical advice; but constantly he was hovering about, and she could feel his eyes on her, and on her alone.

As for Velma Suchard, Carol instinctively felt that it would be unwise to remind that great lady of their earlier meeting; wait till they could meet on a more even footing. Velma rarely appeared at rehearsals, anyway; too rarely for Mr. Bamberg's peace of mind. It was her vagaries, as much as the influenza germ, that laid him low a week before the opening; and in the next few frenzied days the man who really took command was Hymie. And it was Hymie who elevated Carol to a modest solo bit; she had little to do but stand around gracefully, but after the dress rehearsal they all agreed that she would do.

Hymie waited for her that night; he took her to supper at Childs' and looked at her in moody silence while she ate.

"You've got it," he told her presently. "Something about the way you look. It gets them. You're on the way up."

"I've worked hard," said Carol with becoming modesty.

"Anybody can work hard. It's what it gets you that shows the difference. Now in that first number—" He coached her solicitously.

"I'm working out another number for you," he told her on the way home. "Something better—to start the second act. No room for it now, but a lot of this junk will have to come out after the opening. . . . The Frenchwoman's riding for a fall; three grand a week's a lot of money, and she won't earn it. She was a fool to have her nose rebuilt; that old beak looked like the Maine Monument, but it was half her personality. . . . You do what I tell you, Carol, and we'll have your name up in electric lights inside of a month."

Uneasily she wondered what he might be going to tell her; but she wasn't afraid. And he told her, after all, only an abrupt good night.

MR. SEDLITZ felt that since he had cost Carol her job with Sophistica he owed her something; so he discreetly passed the word to his critical colleagues that she was late of Sophistica's editorial staff. For that reason they looked at her on the opening night; and having looked at her they noticed her. Some of them gave her a whole paragraph; and their comments were summed up in a line in the Tribune—"Wistful innocence is Broadway's rarest jewel; for it can't be faked."

"Innocence? Her?" said at least thirty ladies of the ensemble as they read that. "But these critics always boost each other's girls."

Their emotions were nothing to the emotions of Madame Suchard, who had read in half a dozen papers discreet intimations that she was slipping. She came down to rehearsal that day like a hurricane.

"W'ich is Carol Tappan?" she demanded. Carol was pointed out—busy, at the moment, rehearsing the new number Hymie had devised for her. Madame Suchard looked at her, and knew her. "And who is Carol Tappan?" she raged.

But nobody could answer irrelevant questions, in the rush of rebuilding and condensing and jazzing up a show which hadn't pleased the critics but might yet please the crowd. On the second night, Bandwagons of 1927 was 90 minutes shorter and 90 per cent better; and Carol's new second-act number went over with a bang. She came back to her new dressing-room—tiny, but her own—to find it banked with roses, Hymie's roses; and, smiling among the roses, Hymie himself, quite at home.

"You're made," he told her. "I had to fight for that number, but you put it over; electric lights tomorrow night . . . I've got plans for you, Carol. Suppose we talk them over in Atlantic City, over Sunday."

"Don't be silly," said Carol severely. "Our friendship has been so beautiful. You wouldn't spoil it now."

"Look here, you can afford to ditch Sedlitz."

"Sedlitz?" she gasped. "Mr. Sedlitz is nothing to me. Nothing at all."

"Wise girl," Hymie approved. "But" —his voice hardened—"you needn't think you can ditch me too. The Frenchwoman's gunning for you; if you don't string along with me, she'll get you. You've got a lot to learn yet, and nobody else will raise you by hand like I have without getting something out of it. If it's got to be somebody, it might as well be me. . . . Come, now—think it over. I'll talk to you again tomorrow night."

STRAWBRIDGE could stand it no longer. Not a word from her—or about her. She must be in trouble—and it was his place to get her out. He must save her from New York. . . . He saw a picture of himself saving her, by his strong right arm; he wanted action. Indeed his muscles wanted action so badly that he decided to drive the bright blue roadster to New York.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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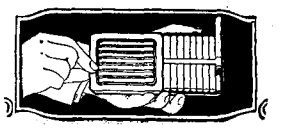

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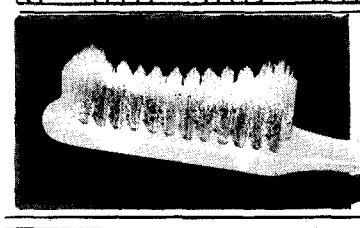

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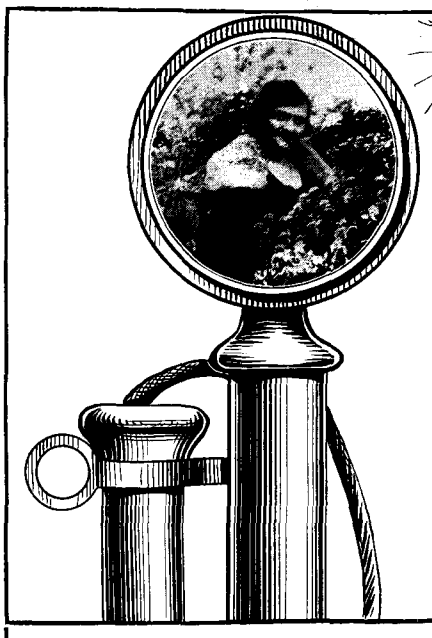

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Heaven Will Protect . . .

Continued from page 51

He got more action than he had bargained for, driving through the unfamiliar traffic of New York to a midtown hotel. That labor shook him a little; New York was a great and formidable city, and for months his Carol had been alone in it. Tomorrow he must begin his search; but tonight he was tired, and the head of the sales agency that handled his factory's output, a gentleman who knew all the gossip that was apt to interest visiting inlanders, insisted on taking him out to dinner.

"What do you say we go to the Bandwagons?" his host proposed over the coffee. "Velma Suchard's in it—and there's a new girl that seems to have made quite a hit. What's the name now? Tappan—Carol Tappan."

"Carol Tappan?" Strawbridge leaned across the table. "Who—which Carol Tappan?"

"Why, nobody knows much about her; but I hear she's Morrie Sedlitz's girl." "Who's Morrie Sedlitz?" asked Strawbridge, pushing back his chair.

"Dramatic critic of Sophistica . . . What's the matter, Mr. Strawbridge? Where are you going? No, I don't know where he lives. But I suppose he's in the telephone book."

VELMA SUCHARD stormed into the room where Bamberg lay propped up in bed. Servants and nurses and secretaries had tried to keep her out, but in this mood she could have broken the Hindenburg line.

"Zat woman must go!" she flared. "Carol Tappan! Sedlitz's girl!"

"Now, now—" began Bamberg with invalid feebleness.

"Now, now, nossing! I remember now—I 'ave see her before. He sent her to look at my nose! 'Imself, he would not come to look at my nose—but he sent her! And zis Hymie, he build her up, he put her name in ze electric lights, like mine— She must go or I go!"

"I'll give Hymie hell," Bamberg promised eagerly, and got her out.

Hymie came at his summons, whistling under his breath.

"I told you to lay off Sedlitz's girl," Bamberg reminded him. "And now look what you've got me into. The Frenchwoman's wild, and Sedlitz—"

"She ought to be wild," said Hymie cheerfully. "She's a flop, and she knows it. As for Sedlitz, Tappan's ditched him." Bamberg groaned.

"Ditched him! Hymie, you don't know what Sedlitz has got on me."

"I know what I've got on you, if it comes to that. . . . The Frenchwoman's not worth three grand a week. You can't break her contract; but if she breaks it, who cares?"

"You're crazy," said Bamberg feebly, and reached for the telephone.

"Sedlitz!' he said presently. "About this girl of yours—Tappan. She's raising hell."

"My girl!" Sedlitz foamed. "She's not my girl! Don't you call her my girl! She's raised hell enough already."

"Then you don't care if—"

"I don't care if you drop her off Brooklyn Bridge. She's nothing to me and never was. She's Zeke Foster's girl."

"Who's Zeke Foster?" Bamberg asked. "A novelist? Is that all? Then off Brooklyn Bridge she goes." But Hymie held up a restraining hand.

"Easy now, Chief. The girl is good. Suchard will come to her senses tomorrow; three grand a week is a lot of francs. You let me handle this." Bamberg lay back on his pillows with a groan.

"All right, Hymie. I'm so tired—You handle it."

IN HIS Park Avenue apartment, Maurice Sedlitz took up the telephone. He wasn't going to hold the sack any longer; he was going to call Zeke Foster and tell him— But before Central answered the butler was murmuring on the threshold. Sedlitz put aside the telephone. "Strawbridge?" he repeated. "I don't remember— Well, show him in."

A large, husky, menacing person strode in furiously.

"Carol Tappan!" he snarled. "What have you done with her?"

"Not so loud, for the Lord's sake! My wife's somewhere around."

"Damn your wife! I'm asking about—your girl."

"My girl!" Sedlitz flung up his hands. "Say, is this a conspiracy?"

"I don't know what it is," said Strawbridge grimly, "but I mean to find out. She was so"—his voice broke—"so helpless—"

"Helpless?" Sedlitz moaned. "Her? Look here—you don't know—"

"I don't care either. I don't care what's happened—I'm going to take her away. I'll save her—"

"Save her? Save New York, you mean. Take her away! Take her as far away as you can."

"Ah!" Strawbridge's smile was cruel and cold. "Tired of her, eh?"

"But I tell you I never saw her outside of the office! I've hardly spoken to her. She's Zeke Foster's girl . . . My stars, if you think I'd fall for that little nitwit—"

Smack came Strawbridge's avenging fist; Sedlitz fell supine.

"You hound!" said Strawbridge. "Never speak her name again. . . . Zeke Foster, eh? Where does he live?"

"He lives at the Saskatchewan Hotel," Sedlitz groaned between swollen lips. "And I hope you kill him."

"I will," Strawbridge promised.

But at the Saskatchewan they told him that Mr. Foster was abroad. So the scoundrel had fled! Too late for vengeance—but not too late to save Carol, soiled flower though she might be, from further degradation. With maddening slowness the bright blue roadster edged its way through the theatre-hour traffic toward the Bamberg Theatre. At last Broadway was just ahead; but a traffic light flashed crimson and Strawbridge had to halt. From the side street he could see the front of the theatre and the glittering row of electric lights that spelled out CAROL TAPPAN. . . . The red light flashed green; he moved.

HYMIE found Carol in the wings after the opening number.

"Suchard's seen the old man," he said grimly, "and he's put it up to me. I can throttle her down and save your job—if you'll come through."

Voiceless, Carol stared at him, and felt the tears in her eyes. If ever Heaven protected the working girl, let it go into action now. . . . But Heaven was silent while she longed for Victor.

"Give me time to think it over," she begged.

"Till after the show," said Hymie. "Then or never."

Whistling softly, he strode out of the stage door and down to the corner; he crossed Broadway; from the curb he looked across at the front of the theatre, at the glittering row of electric lights that spelled out CAROL TAPPAN. She was a wise girl, Hymie reflected; she would come through.

The red light flashed green; with the traffic he started back across Broadway, his eyes still on the electric sign. Around the corner rolled a bright blue roadster whose driver would have seen Hymie if his eyes, too, hadn't been on the electric sign. A dozen men shouted, but too late. Hymie went down.

Still desperate, Carol waited for the second-act curtain in the costume of her new number—a spangled, iridescent bodice, incredibly scanty; slippers, and nothing more. Zouna, the Cambodian dancer, bronzed and lacquered, lounged into the doorway of her dressing-room.

"Jeese," she offered. "that was tough about Hymie. . . . What? Didn't you hear? Knocked down crossin' Broadway—possible concussion of the brain. The bird that done it is locked up till they see if it's homicide or only felonious assault. Some big gorilla from the sticks, in a blue roadster. Strawberry—

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was that the name? No, Strawbridge—"

Already the orchestra was playing; in a moment would come Carol's cue . . . But Hymie was out and Velma Suchard was still in; and Victor— She snatched her purse from its hiding place behind the mirror, flung her fur coat over bare shoulders, and ran out of the stage door.

"Taxi!" she cried. "Taxi!"

FROM the bench of the Night Court a black-robed magistrate frowned down on Victor Strawbridge, dejected and helpless.

"You're lucky," he observed. "You people from the open spaces think you can come to New York and run over anybody you please. But it seems the man you hit was only shaken up—no thanks to you. I'll hold you for Traffic Court tomorrow in a hundred dollars bail."

The agent of a surety company leaned over the railing, prepared to offer the money; but Strawbridge didn't see him. His eyes were on a girl who had burst in at the door, who came running down the aisle, her fur coat falling away from a scanty spangled bodice, from twinkling, hurrying legs. She ran up to the desk, waving a roll of bills—not a Toy, not a Plaything; a Self-Reliant Woman.

"I'll give bail for him, Your Honor."

"But, my dear!" he stammered, when they were alone in the blue roadster. "I don't understand. These—er—clothes—" Carol flushed.

"I'm in a show," she explained. "Or rather I was—I suppose I'm fired by now. I ran out on them just before my big number. But I couldn't help it; I heard you were in trouble, and I had to come and get you out."

"Carol, you angel! I must have—misunderstood. . . . Oh, I don't suppose you want to leave New York and give up your career, but I need you so much—"

She lifted her face and kissed him.

"Of course, darling, I'll give up my career for you. Yes, and New York too. . . . But I must say everyone has been wonderfully kind."

ALIDA KENDALL answered the doorbell in her apartment on Montparnasse.

"Zeke Foster!" she gasped. He looked over her shoulder.

"Packing a trunk? I thought you were going to stay in Paris."

"Oh, Paris is deadly. Nobody here but the people one's already tired of seeing in New York."

"Meaning me, I suppose," he observed wearily. "But, damn it, Lide! I couldn't stand it. I had to come and find out—"

To Mr. Foster's amazement, the hard-boiled Mrs. Kendall tumbled into his arms.

"You've found out," she murmured. "I was packing up to come back because—I couldn't stand it either."

Later she dared to tease him a little:

"So you got tired of the baby-blue stare? . . . Oh, don't pretend, Zeke; I don't care now. The Tappan girl—"

"That girl? But I only saw her once in my life, when she came with a letter of introduction—"

"And for that," said Mrs. Kendall, much subdued, "I gave up a better apartment than we'll ever get again for the money. . . . Oh, I've missed you so! I've been trying to work, but it all seemed so pointless that I felt like jumping into the Seine. But something kept me from it. I guess Heaven must protect the working girl."

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Collier's
EDITORIALS

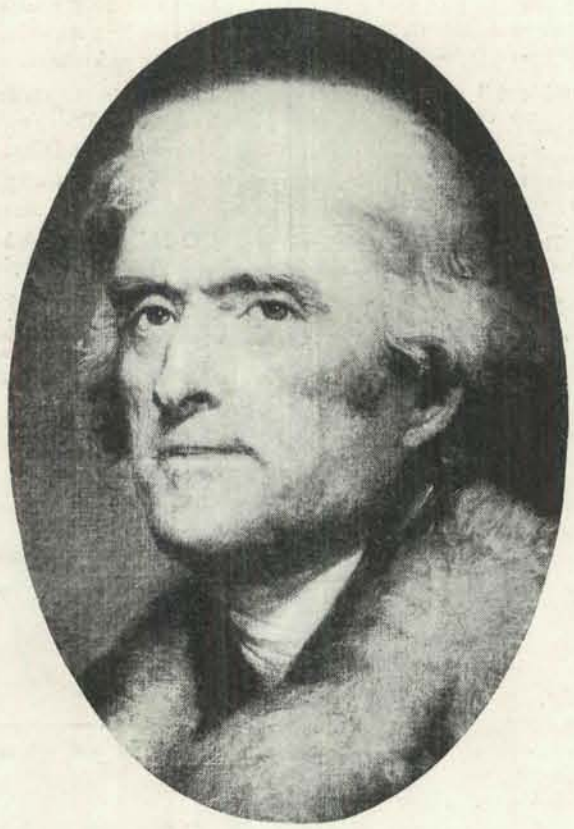
Why Not a Third Term?

DON'T let the third-term bugaboo interfere with your preference for a Presidential candidate. American institutions are now strong enough to endure even more than three terms of a successful President.

George Washington refused a third Presidential nomination for reasons which were personal to him. He set a precedent because he might have been king, but no man since Washington's day has had that opportunity.

Thomas Jefferson crystallized the sentiment against the third term when in a letter he wrote:

"If some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution or supplied by practice, his office, nominally for years, will in fact become for life, and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance. Believing that a representative government responsible at short periods of election is that which produces the greatest sum of happiness to mankind, I feel it a duty to do no act which shall essentially impair that principle and I should unwillingly be the person who, disregarding the sound precedent set by an illustrious predecessor, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office."



Thomas Jefferson was against the third term

Remember, however, that Jefferson lived while the American government was still an unproved experiment. He had seen the rise of Napoleon. He feared lest some ambitious American might make a life job of the Presidency and, like the little Corsican, attempt to hand the office down to his son.

That danger no longer exists. The habit of election is too ingrained in us, and the President has acquired too much power to survive many appeals to the support of tens of millions of voters. You recall the story of Lincoln's Cabinet meeting. Seven votes were recorded "no," and there was only one "aye." The President favored the measure and so announced: "The ayes have it."

In our government the President alone has final executive power. The cabinet members are responsible to him and effectually to him alone.

Any vigorous President dominates his Cabinet. The President can safely dismiss any member of his Administration. Wilson rid himself of opposition within the Cabinet and President Coolidge is master in the White House.

Because so much power has been allowed full responsibility is exacted. In such circumstances no man can hope indefinitely to retain the favor of a majority of the voters.

President Grant's friends sought another nomination for him after his two terms but his Administration had become too unpopular because of the peculations of his intimates.

A strong President by his very vigor creates the opposition which in the end defeats him.

At the close of his second term Roosevelt was unpopular. Had he chosen to seek a third nomination through the political power possessed by a President he would have lost at the polls. Wilson was tremendously disliked at the end of his second term. So, too, was Grover Cleveland.

President Coolidge is more fortunate because his Administration came at a time when no great national issues were dividing the country. We wanted a capable executive, not a great emotional leader, and we have had our wish.

A third term for Calvin Coolidge would not endanger any principle of this Republic. If he proves to be the best candidate in 1928 he ought to be nominated and elected.

The Newest Journalism

HAVE you attended the latest murder trial this morning? Too busy or you live too far away? Well, don't worry, the latest disciples of journalism will bring every thrill to your door.

Here's Aimee Semple McPherson. The devil is an open book to Aimee. Who is better qualified to dilate on the mingled motives of greed and lust which lay behind the sordid Snyder-Gray case so recently exploited in the mad newspaper competition for more and worse readers?

There, too, is the Reverend Dr. John Roach Straton, who ended one of his murder stories with the enthusiastic outcry "Three cheers for the Ten Commandments."

What an opportunity for an eloquent preacher! First picture sin in its liveliest colors—lust, covetousness, dark conspiracy, murder—and then having exacted the last thrill from the performance tack on your saving moral.

Don't think, however, that these apostles of fundamentalism are the only performers in the circus of thrills. Other "trained seals" exhibit their antics.

Remember Natacha Rambova? She was one of the late Valentino's wives. Who better could tell a murder story in which love—as they call it—played its part? There's where Peggy Joyce, she of many husbands, also came in.

Will Durant, who made "The Story of Philosophy" a best seller, could naturally supply the scholarly touch. W. E. Woodward, author of "Bunk," was a ready recruit to this newest journalism and so, too, are others known in various ways for successful appeals to popular emotion.

And what journalism it has become! Crime is news and always will be but in every industry and every profession there are limits beyond which decency will not venture.

In the handling of conspicuous crime newspapers are ignoring standards of propriety which hitherto editors and courts, not to mention the reading public, have generally held important.

If journalism is to avoid the censorship now imposed on the movies and the theatre it must first avoid giving that offense which makes public regulation inescapable.

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